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NO.7 JULY
BIG TOWN
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ACE NEWSMAN STEVE WILSON UNCOVERS A FATAL STORY in "SECRETS of BIG TOWN!"

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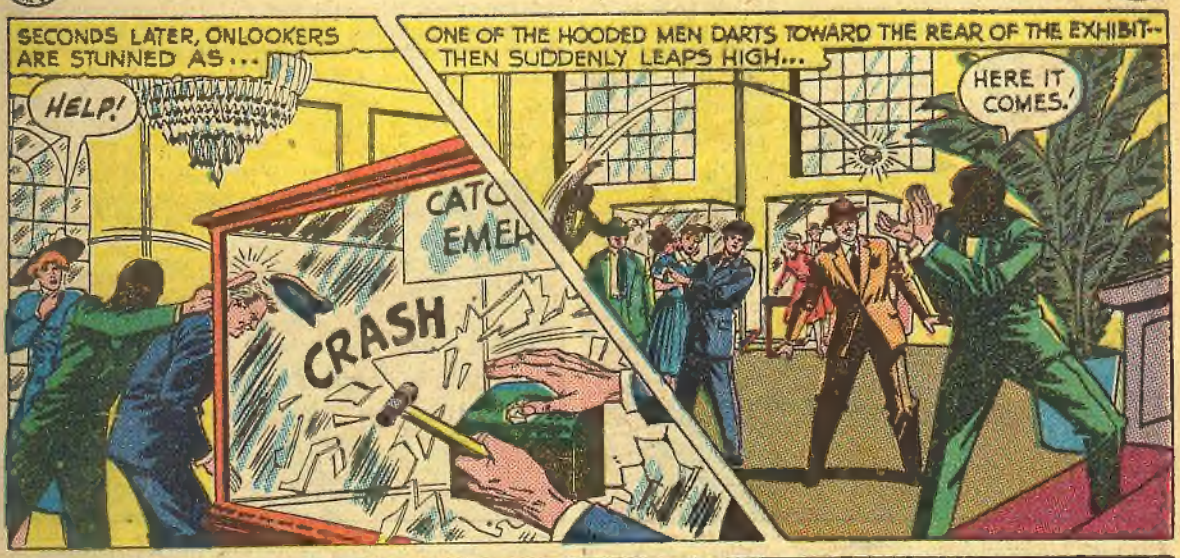
BIG TOWN
AS AN ACE REPORTER, STEVE WILSON HAD COME ACROSS A THOUSAND ODDITIES, BUT WHEN AN IRATE CONTEST WINNER STEPPED FORWARD TO CLAIM HIS PRIZE AFTER 25 YEARS, THE BATTLING NEWSMAN WAS STUNNED! LITTLE DID STEVE REALIZE THAT IN HIS EFFORT TO SAVE THE INTEGRITY OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AND FIND AN EXPENSIVE SUNDIAL, A BAFFLING SERIES OF CLUES WOULD UNRAVEL WHICH WOULD SOLVE MURDER AND ROBBERY AND BRING ABOUT A QUICK SOLUTION TO THE...
"SECRETS OF BIG TOWN!"

AT BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, ACE NEWSMAN STEVE WILSON IS HAILED BY HIS PUBLISHER...
I'M OFF TO THE JEWEL EXHIBIT, LORELEI.' WE'LL RUN THE STORY IN A BOX ON PAGE ONE-- BETTER HAVE MIKE REED COLOR UP THE DETAILS I PHONE IN...
STEVE.'
A MR. CHEEVER IS OUTSIDE DEMANDING HIS PRIZE, A MASTER SUNDIAL, FOR A CONTEST WE RAN 25 YEARS AGO! HERE'S HIS WINNING COUPON--SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH HIM! WE DON'T HAVE ANY SUNDIALS--NATURALLY!
HE CERTAINLY TOOK HIS TIME TO COLLECT THE PRIZE! PROBABLY GOT THE COUPON FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER OF OURS.'
A MOMENT LATER, STEVE SPEAKS TO WILLIAM CHEEVER...
WHERE'S MY PRIZE, MISTER? FIGURIN' ON CHEATIN' ME?
THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS ALWAYS BACKS UP ITS COMMITMENTS, SIR-- EVEN WHEN THEY'RE 25 YEARS OLD! IF YOU'LL LEAVE YOUR ADDRESS, I'LL HAVE THE BEST SUNDIAL WE CAN FIND SENT TO YOU IMMEDIATELY.'
I DON'T WANT ANY SUNDIAL BUT THE ONE PICTURED IN YOUR PAPER.'
THE EXACT ONE? OH...WELL, MR. CHEEVER, I'LL CHECK INTO THE RECORDS AND TRY TO LOCATE IT FOR YOU! RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU AS SOON AS I HAVE THE SUNDIAL.'
SHORTLY, AT BIG TOWN'S INTERNATIONAL JEWELERS' EXHIBIT...
OH, SUCH BEAUTIFUL GEMS.' I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS SHOW FOR THE WORLD.'
CATCAMERON EMERALD FINE TRANSPARENT CORUNDUM... LARGEST CARAT STONE MINED IN SOUTH AMERICA
THREE MEN SUDDENLY SLIP QUIETLY BEHIND A PARTITION, AND...
ALL RIGHT.' LET'S GO.' MOVE JUST AS WE PLANNED... AND REMEMBER--SURPRISE IS OUR BIGGEST WEAPON.' TAKE YOUR PLACES.' READY?
YEAH.'
2


SECONDS LATER, ONLOOKERS ARE STUNNED AS...
HELP!
CRASH
ONE OF THE HOODED MEN DARTS TOWARD THE REAR OF THE EXHIBIT-- THEN SUDDENLY LEAPS HIGH...
HERE IT COMES!

AS THE DARING TRIO EXECUTES ITS PLAN WITH PERFECT PRECISION, STEVE WILSON ENTERS...
LOOKS LIKE I STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF A ROBBERY!
I DON'T DARE FIRE IN THIS CROWD!

THIS THEFT HAS BEEN PLANNED LIKE A THREE-RING CIRCUS... GOT TO GET ONE OF THE PERFORMERS!

BUT AS THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN GRAPPLES WITH THE HOODED THIEF, GUNFIRE RINGS OUT FROM THE LANDING ABOVE...
HOLD ON, BUSTER!

THEN, A GUARD FINALLY MANEUVERS HIS WAY INTO POSITION FOR A SHOT, BUT...

MISSED HIM.'

LATER, AFTER THE HALL HAS BEEN CLEARED, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN ARRIVES FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MARTY DRAKE.' I NEVER THOUGHT HE HAD THE NERVE OR THE BRAINS FOR A JOB LIKE THIS.'

HE DIDN'T, CALLAHAN. THE BOSS MAN MUST HAVE BEEN THE HOOD WHO SLIPPED OUT OF THE WINDOW WITH THE GEM.' HE WAS PLAYING FOR KEEPS, ALL RIGHT--HE KILLED DRAKE TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING.'

IT WAS A SHREWD THEFT.' ANY IDEA WHO THEY MIGHT BE, CALLAHAN?

NONE.' BUT I'LL MAKE IT PLENTY TOUGH FOR THEM TO MOVE THAT STOLEN EMERALD.' IT'S WORTH OVER $200,000 AND IT WON'T BE EASY TO HIDE.' COME ALONG IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOME ACTION, STEVE.'

LATER, AT THE LINE-UP AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WE'VE ROUNDED UP EVERY UNDERWORLD CHARACTER MARTY DRAKE WAS KNOWN TO HANG OUT WITH.'

MOST OF THEM ARE TOO DULL-WITTED FOR SUCH A JOB, CALLAHAN.' BUT THOSE TWO CLEMSON BROTHERS... ED AND JOEY... THEY'RE CLOSE TO THE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE HOODS THE WITNESSES REPORTED.'

WHEN THE CLEMSON BROTHERS ARE CALLED OVER...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME.' ME AND MY BROTHER HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH MARTY DRAKE.'

YOU'RE LYIN', ED.' WHAT WERE YOU COOKING UP WITH DRAKE?

BUT BEFORE THE INTERROGATION CAN CONTINUE...

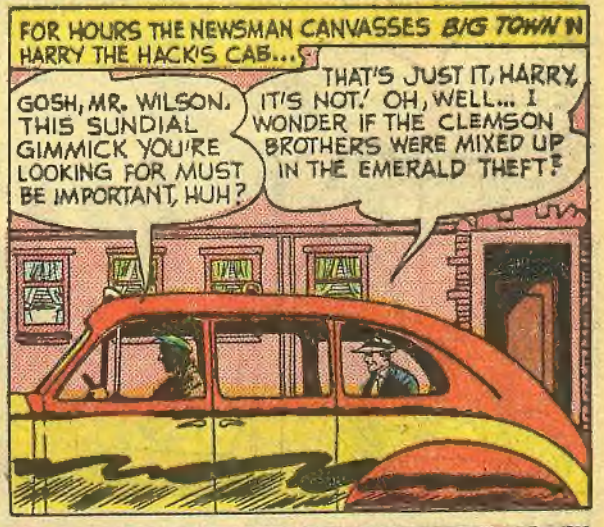
I'VE GOT TO SEE MR. STEVE WILSON.' THEY SAID I'D FIND HIM HERE.' AH--THERE HE IS.'

MR. CHEEVER.' MY GOSH, I NEARLY FORGOT.' I'LL SEE YOU LATER, INSPECTOR.' I'VE GOT TO TRACK DOWN A SUNDIAL.'

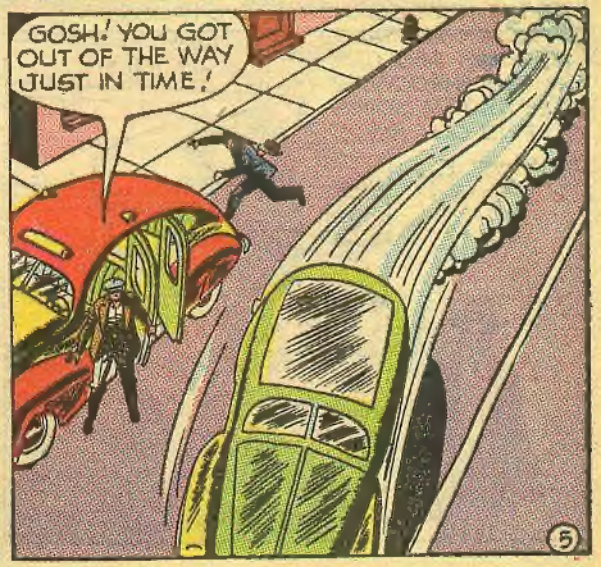
WHERE'S MY PRIZE, WILSON? YOU SAID I'D GET THE SUNDIAL RIGHT AWAY!
I'VE BEEN ALL TIED UP WITH A ROBBERY, MR. CHEEVER! BUT COME ALONG, AND WE'LL GO TO THE MANUFACTURER TOGETHER!

LATER, AT AN UPTOWN MANUFACTURING COMPANY...
YES, WE MADE 500 OF THESE DOLLAR SUNDIALS FOR YOUR PAPER 25 YEARS AGO... BUT I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHERE TO GET HOLD OF ONE NOW!
IT'S RIDICULOUS TO THINK WE COULD LOCATE AN ORIGINAL PRIZE SUNDIAL! MR. CHEEVER, WHY NOT BE REASONABLE? I'LL GIVE YOU $25... 25 TIMES WHAT THE SUNDIAL WAS WORTH!

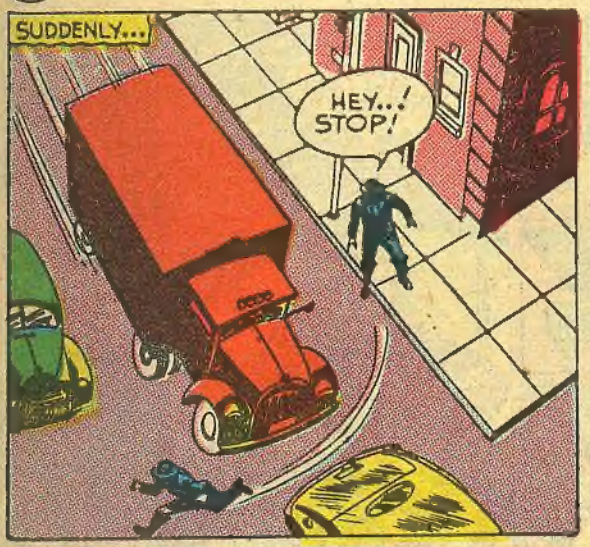
YOU YOUNG SCALLYWAG! WHAT KIND OF NEWSPAPER DO YOU WORK FOR? MY COUPON SAYS I'M ENTITLED TO A MASTER SUNDIAL AND I AIM TO GET JUST THAT!
ALL RIGHT, MR. CHEEVER, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

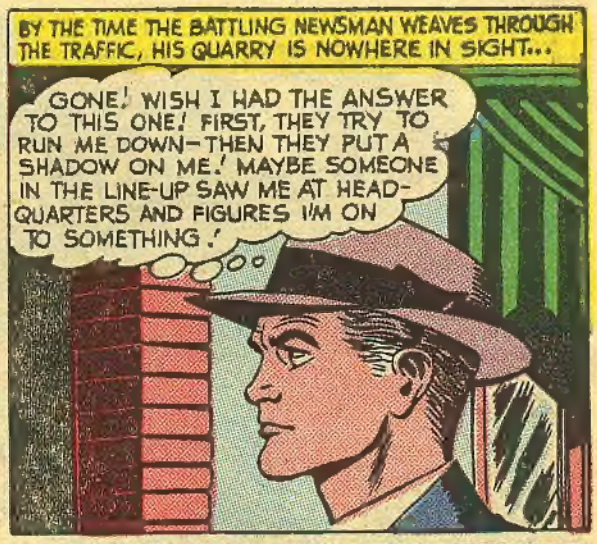

FOR HOURS THE NEWSMAN CANVASSES BIG TOWN IN HARRY THE HACK'S CAB...
GOSH, MR. WILSON. THIS SUNDIAL GIMMICK YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MUST BE IMPORTANT, HUH?
THAT'S JUST IT, HARRY, IT'S NOT! OH, WELL... I WONDER IF THE CLEMSON BROTHERS WERE MIXED UP IN THE EMERALD THEFT?

A MOMENT LATER, AS STEVE STEPS FROM THE CAB TO SEARCH STILL ANOTHER ANTIQUE SHOP FOR THE ILLUSIVE SUNDIAL...
LOOK OUT FOR THAT CAR!
HUH..?


GOSH! YOU GOT OUT OF THE WAY JUST IN TIME!
5

THEN, AS THE WILDLY DRIVEN CAR CAREENS AROUND A CORNER...
MR. WILSON... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I THINK SO... THAT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME, HARRY! SOMEONE WAS DELIBERATELY TRYING TO RUN ME DOWN!
WANT ME TO TAKE YOU TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS TO REPORT IT?
NO, HARRY! BUT YOU COULD GO BACK TO THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS AND ASK LORELEI TO CHECK INTO THE CLEMSON BROTHERS' FILE! THEY WERE INVOLVED IN A FEW CRIMES SEVERAL YEARS AGO! I WANT TO KNOW THE NAMES OF EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH THEM!
AFTER HARRY THE HACK LEAVES, STEVE CONTINUES SEARCHING FOR THE PRIZE SUNDIAL...
I'LL SELL THAT ONE CHEAP!
NO, THANKS! IT'S NOT THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR!
SORRY, MISTER! I DON'T HAVE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!
INTERESTED IN ANYTHING, SIR?
NO, THANKS... THAT CHARACTER'S BEEN ON MY HEELS FOR THE LAST SIX BLOCKS!
AT THE NEXT CORNER, STEVE PAUSES...
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—HE'S SHADOWING ME—AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!
OKAY... WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
HUH..? Y-YOU'RE CRAZY, MISTER!


SUDDENLY...
HEY...! STOP!


BY THE TIME THE BATTLING NEWSMAN WEAVES THROUGH THE TRAFFIC, HIS QUARRY IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT...
GONE! WISH I HAD THE ANSWER TO THIS ONE! FIRST, THEY TRY TO RUN ME DOWN—THEN THEY PUT A SHADOW ON ME! MAYBE SOMEONE IN THE LINE-UP SAW ME AT HEADQUARTERS AND FIGURES I'M ON TO SOMETHING!

SHORTLY...
GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S IT—THE SUNDIAL MR. CHEEVER'S BEEN HOUNDING ME FOR! NOW I CAN GET HIM OFF MY NECK AND START CHECKING INTO THAT EMERALD THEFT!

INSIDE THE ANTIQUE STORE...
YOU WANT THIS OLD THING? I—I DON'T EVEN HAVE A PRICE FOR IT...
NEVER MIND! HERE'S $25... WRAP IT UP, PLEASE!

AS STEVE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, THE REAR DOOR OF THE ANTIQUE SHOP SUDDENLY BURSTS OPEN...
DROP THAT PACKAGE AND COME OVER HERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
THE HOODED BOYS WHO WERE IN ON THAT JEWEL THEFT!

IF THESE ARE THE SAME BOYS WHO TRIED TO KILL ME WITH THE CAR, IT'S A CINCH THEY THINK I KNOW TOO MUCH TO STAY ALIVE!

SUDDENLY, STEVE PLUNGES FORWARD AND...
LOOK OUT!
GO GET 'EM, WHITEY.'
BUT BEFORE THE ACE REPORTER CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS SURPRISE ATTACK, THE TWO GUNMEN FIRE...
LET 'IM HAVE IT.'
WHEW.' I'M A DEAD DUCK UNLESS I GET OUT OF HERE FAST...
IF I CAN ONLY RIP THIS THING LOOSE.'
MUSTERING HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, STEVE TILTS THE SHELVES FORWARD...
LOOK OUT--
IT WORKED.'
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
GUN-FIRE.'
IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THAT ANTIQUE SHOP.'

A MOMENT LATER..
STEVE WILSON.'
QUICK, JEWEL THIEVES.' GETTING OUT THROUGH THE REAR DOOR.'
AS STEVE AND THE POLICEMEN PURSUE THE TWO GUNMEN...
THEY'VE GOT A GETAWAY CAR
BY THE TIME WE LOCATE A SQUAD CAR THEY'LL BE MILES FROM HERE.'
LATER AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING..
STEVE, IT DOESN'T ADD UP.' WHY WOULD THEY BE AFTER YOU?
FOR THE TENTH TIME, CALLAHAN, I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW.' EVIDENTLY THEY THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING ON THEM--OH, MR. CHEEVER, I'VE LOCATED YOUR SUNDIAL.'
THANK YOU, MR. WILSON.' MY GOODNESS, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D PUT MY PICTURE IN THE PAPER JUST FOR COLLECTING A PRIZE.'
WHAT ?
MR. McGRATH'S IDEA.' HE THOUGHT IT WAS A CUTE HUMAN INTEREST ANGLE.' MAN DEMANDS PAPER'S PRIZE AFTER 25 YEARS ! BUT, STEVE, WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED TO YOU?
(9)
AFTER MR. CHEEVER DEPARTS..
EVER SINCE
ON THE WAY, THAT WORRIED SOMEONE.'
THOSE TWO HOODS, STEVE.' COULD YOU POSS BLY TELL WHETHER THEY WERE THE CLEMSON BROTHERS?
I DON'T KNOW, CALLAHAN! THEY WERE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE--BUT THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING... WHAT'S THIS, LORELEI?
THE DATA ON THE CLEMSON BROTHERS YOU SENT HARRY FOR, STEVE.'
AFTER STEVE WILSON GLANCES QUICKLY THROUGH THE REPORT...
LORELEI.' WHERE'S MR. CHEEVER?
HE'S GONE TO THE BUS TERMINAL TO GO HOME.'

STEVE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, CALLAHAN—JUST HURRY! I THINK I'VE GOT THE MADDEST ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE YOU COULD EVER DREAM UP!
TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE BUS TERMINAL...
LOOK, CALLAHAN! THE CLEMSON BROTHERS! THEY'VE READ THE PAPER'S WRITE-UP ON CHEEVER AND HIS SUNDIAL AND FOLLOWED HIM FROM THE OFFICE!
WAITING ROOM
QUICKLY, STEVE AND
HANDS UP, CLEMSON! ALL RIGHT, STEVE, LET'S HAVE THE
I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR SUNDIAL RIGHT BACK, MR. CHEEVER! IN A SECOND, I'LL EITHER HIT THE JACKPOT, OR BE THE BIGGEST FOOL IN BIG TOWN!
NORTHBOUND
JACKPOT! ARE NEPHEWS OF THE ANTIQUE DEALER WHERE I LOCATED THIS SUNDIAL! I LEARNED THAT WHEN LORELEI'S CLIPPINGS ON THEM MENTIONED HIS NAME AND ADDRESS!
HIDE THE EMERALD IN THAT USELESS
BECAUSE, CALLAHAN, IT WAS SO USELESS, NO ONE WOULD EVER CONSIDER BUYING IT! THEY KNEW IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO CARRY THE EMERALD OUT OF THE CITY WITH YOU HOT ON THEIR HEELS, SO THEY HID IT IN THE SUNDIAL! WHEN THEIR STOOGES TOLD THEM I WAS CHECKING ANTIQUE SHOPS FOR SUNDIALS, THEY THOUGHT I'D FOUND A LEAD, SO THEY STARTED GUNNING ME!
AND NOW THEY'RE GOING WHERE TIME WON'T MEAN A THING TO THEM— PRISON!
THE END

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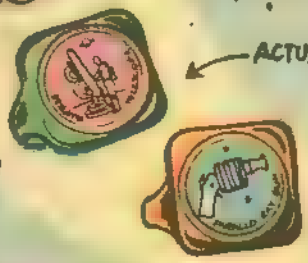

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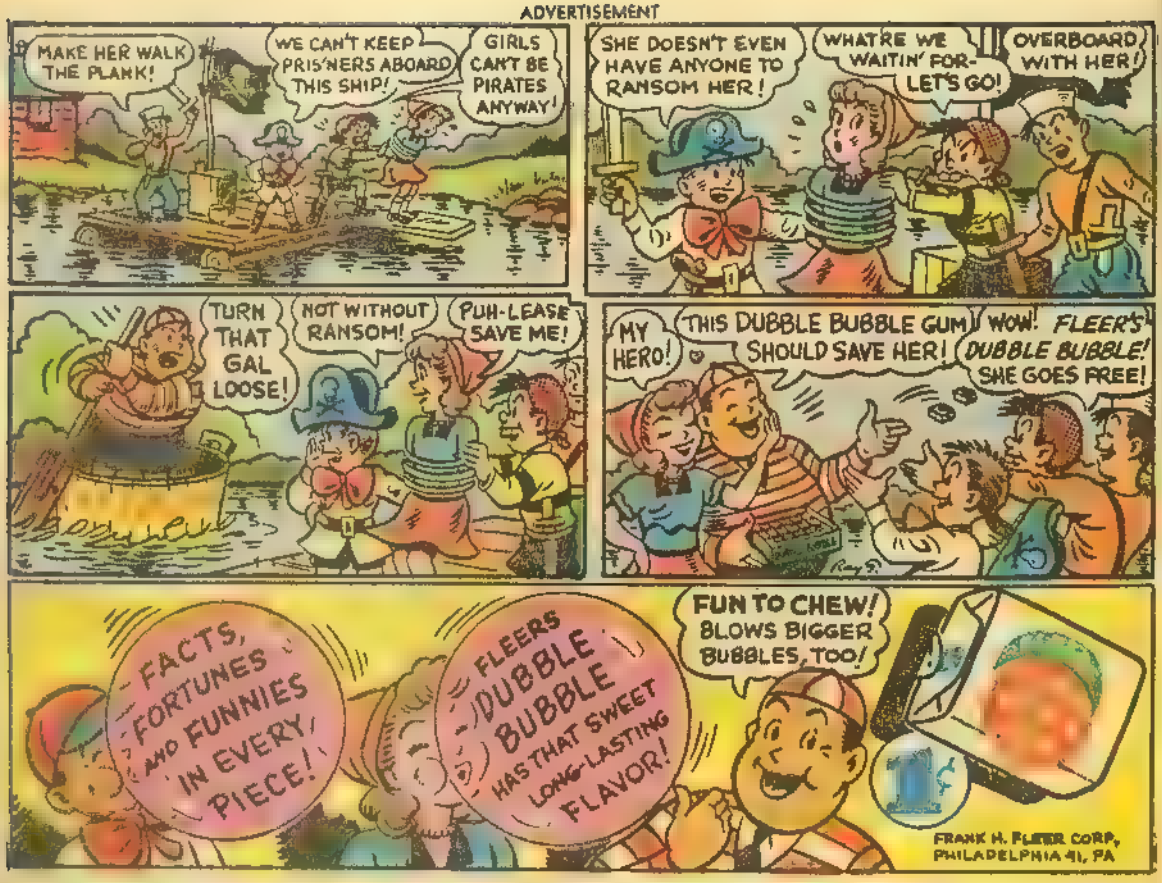
MAKE HER WALK THE PLANK!
WE CAN'T KEEP PRIS'NERS ABOARD THIS SHIP!
GIRLS CAN'T BE PIRATES ANYWAY!
SHE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANYONE TO RANSOM HER!
WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR- LET'S GO!
OVERBOARD WITH HER!
TURN THAT GAL LOOSE!
NOT WITHOUT RANSOM!
PUH-LEASE SAVE ME!
MY HERO!
THIS DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM SHOULD SAVE HER!
WOW! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE! SHE GOES FREE!
FACTS, FORTUNES AND FUNNIES IN EVERY PIECE!
FLEERS DUBBLE BUBBLE HAS THAT SWEET LONG-LASTING FLAVOR!
FUN TO CHEW! BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES, TOO!
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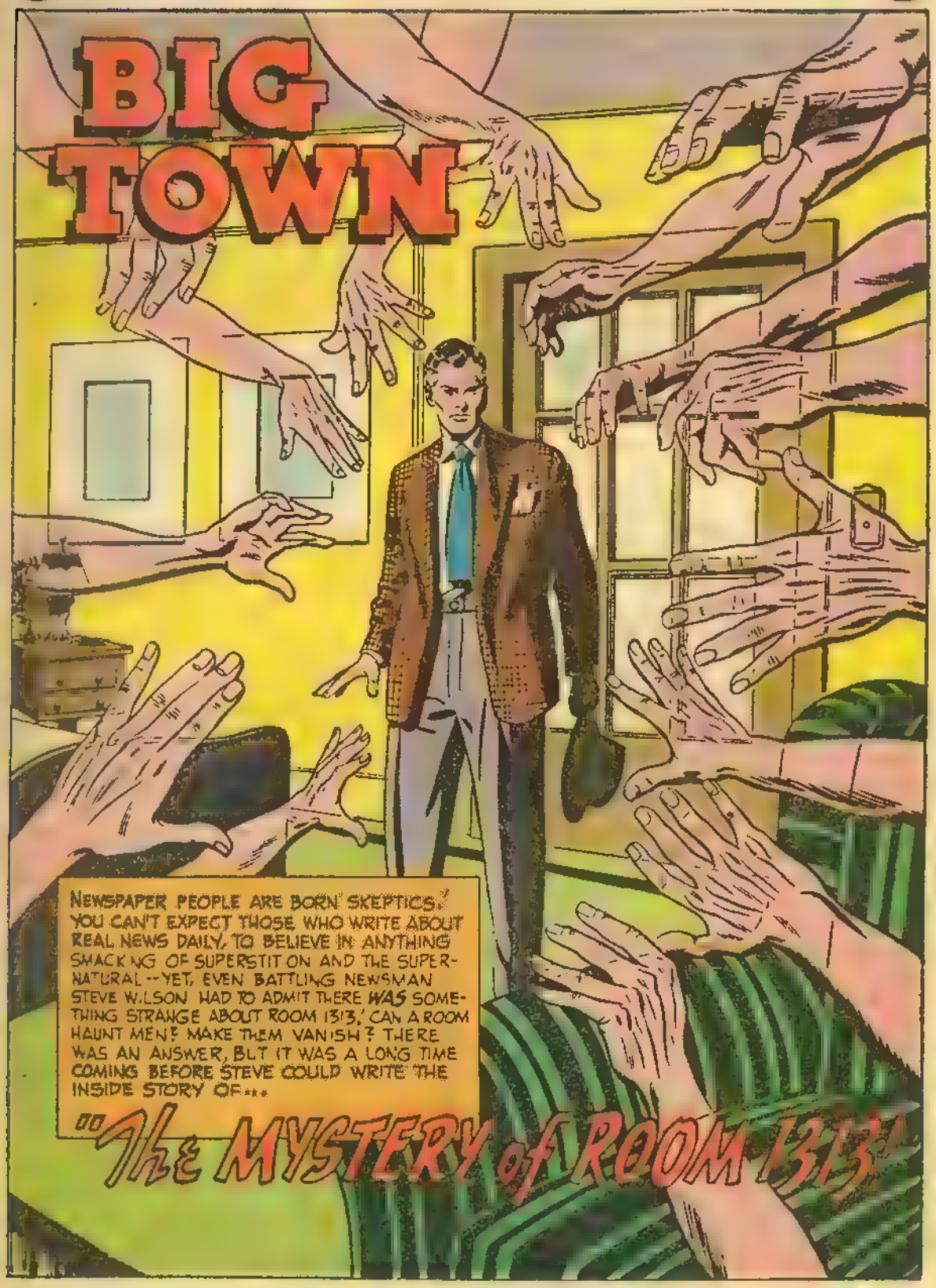
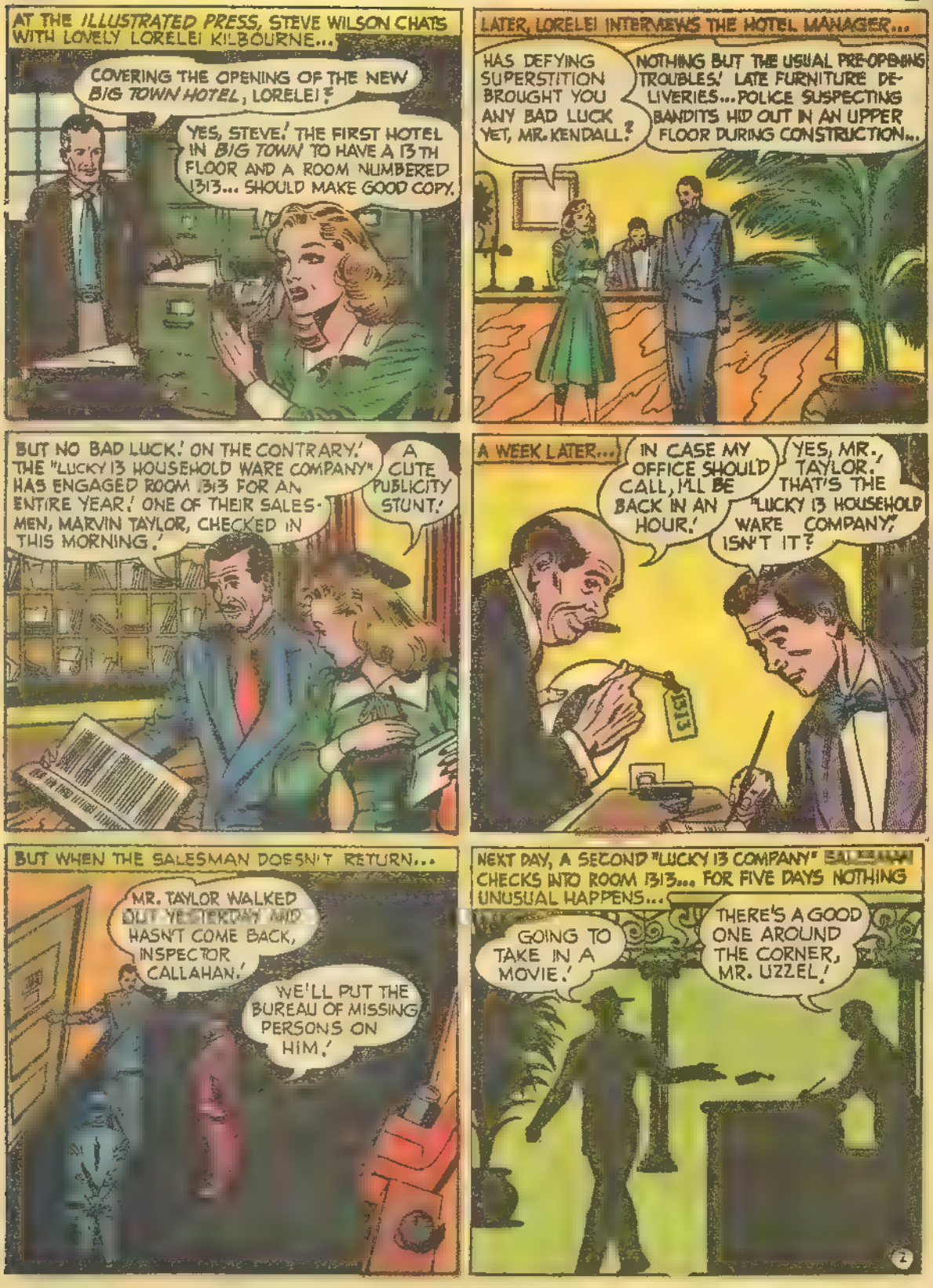

BIG TOWN
NEWSPAPER PEOPLE ARE BORN SKEPTICS! YOU CAN'T EXPECT THOSE WHO WRITE ABOUT REAL NEWS DAILY, TO BELIEVE IN ANYTHING SMACKING OF SUPERSTITION AND THE SUPERNATURAL--YET, EVEN BATTLING NEWSMAN STEVE WILSON HAD TO ADMIT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT ROOM 1313. CAN A ROOM HAUNT MEN? MAKE THEM VANISH? THERE WAS AN ANSWER, BUT IT WAS A LONG TIME COMING BEFORE STEVE COULD WRITE THE INSIDE STORY OF...
"THE MYSTERY of ROOM 1313"


AT THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, STEVE WILSON CHATS WITH LOVELY LORELEI KILBOURNE...
COVERING THE OPENING OF THE NEW BIG TOWN HOTEL, LORELEI?
YES, STEVE! THE FIRST HOTEL IN BIG TOWN TO HAVE A 13TH FLOOR AND A ROOM NUMBERED 1313... SHOULD MAKE GOOD COPY.
LATER, LORELEI INTERVIEWS THE HOTEL MANAGER...
HAS DEFYING SUPERSTITION BROUGHT YOU ANY BAD LUCK YET, MR. KENDALL?
NOTHING BUT THE USUAL PRE-OPENING TROUBLES! LATE FURNITURE DELIVERIES... POLICE SUSPECTING BANDITS HID OUT IN AN UPPER FLOOR DURING CONSTRUCTION...
BUT NO BAD LUCK! ON THE CONTRARY! THE "LUCKY 13 HOUSEHOLD WARE COMPANY" HAS ENGAGED ROOM 1313 FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR! ONE OF THEIR SALESMEN, MARVIN TAYLOR, CHECKED IN THIS MORNING!
A CUTE PUBLICITY STUNT!
A WEEK LATER...
IN CASE MY OFFICE SHOULD CALL, I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR!
YES, MR. TAYLOR. THAT'S THE "LUCKY 13 HOUSEHOLD WARE COMPANY," ISN'T IT?
1313
BUT WHEN THE SALESMAN DOESN'T RETURN...
MR. TAYLOR WALKED OUT YESTERDAY AND HASN'T COME BACK, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN!
WE'LL PUT THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS ON HIM!
NEXT DAY, A SECOND "LUCKY 13 COMPANY" SALESMAN CHECKS INTO ROOM 1313... FOR FIVE DAYS NOTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENS...
GOING TO TAKE IN A MOVIE!
THERE'S A GOOD ONE AROUND THE CORNER, MR. UZZEL!
4

THE NEXT MORNING STEVE WILSON GETS AN URGENT CALL...
INSPECTOR CA...AHAN STEVE, ANOTHER ... SALESMAN HAS DISAPPEARED. TWO DISAPPEARANCES IN A ROOM CAN'T BE COINCIDENTAL.
BE RIGHT THERE, INSPECTOR
SOON AFTER AT THE BIG TOWN HOTEL...
TWO MEN CHECK INTO ROOM 3-3 - AND THEN DISAPPEAR! WHY?
THE ROOM'S UNLUCKY!
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT SOMEONE WANTS US TO THINK!
I'LL BET THE LUCKY 3 COMPANY WON'T GET A THIRD SALESMAN TO SLEEP IN 3-3 EVEN IF THE ROOM'S RESERVED FOR A YEAR
YOU'D LOSE THAT BET LORELEI. HELLO, OPERATOR- GIVE ME LONG DISTANCE.
MOMENTS LATER STEVE SPEAKS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE LUCKY 3 COMPANY...
MR. CONKLIN, I KNOW THAT JINXED ROOM ISN'T HELPING YOUR BUSINESS. YOU CAN'T SELL BAD LUCK
TRUE, MR. WILSON! WE'VE HAD MANY CANCELLATIONS OF ORDERS, BUT WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?
JUST THIS--MAKE ME YOUR THIRD "SALESMAN"! THEN I CAN CHECK INTO THAT ROOM WITH- ... SO I CAN DO SOME DETECTIVE WORK!
YOU NEWSPAPERMEN WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET A STORY! BUT... ALL RIGHT, I'LL ARRANGE IT!
STEVE--DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER ...
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET THE INSIDE STORY OF 3-3 - AND THAT'S TO GET INSIDE!

NEXT MORNING, PLAYING THE ROLE OF 'SALESMAN JOHN GIBSON,' THE ACE NEWSPAPERMAN CHECKS INTO *BIG TOWN HOTEL*...

THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO TO 1313, MISTER! AND IF YOU'D TAKE MY ADVICE--

NEVER MIND—I'LL TAKE MY BAGS IN MYSELF! HERE- BUY YOURSELF A RABBIT'S FOOT!

THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM--AND STEVE WILSON IS ALONE IN ROOM 1313...

JUST AN ORDINARY ROOM OF PLASTER, BRICKS, AND BOARDS! A ROOM CAN'T HURT ANYONE--UNLESS LORELEI'S STORY STIRS UP SOMETHING I DON'T EXPECT!

AS PREARRANGED, STEVE HAS BAITED HIS TRAP--WITH A STORY IN THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*...

THIRD SALESMAN CHECKS INTO JINXED ROOM!

BY LORELEI KILBOURNE

IN AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH YOUR REPORTER, JOHN GIBSON, LUCKY 13 HOUSEHOLD WARE COMPANY SALESMAN STATED: "I'LL DO ALL MY SELLING BY TELEPHONE! I'M NOT LEAVING MY HOTEL ROOM LIKE THE OTHERS. IF SOMETHING'S GOING TO MAKE **ME** VANISH, IT WILL HAVE TO COME TO ROOM 1313 TO DO IT!

AND NOW, AFTER MAKING PREPARATIONS, STEVE WILSON GETS READY FOR A TENSE VIGIL...

NOW I'M JUST GOING TO SIT AND WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN! OKAY, ROOM 1313—BRING ON YOUR GHOSTS!

IN THE DARKENED ROOM, STEVE WAITS, TENSE, EXPECTANT, CONSCIOUS OF NIGHT SOUNDS--THE RUMBLE OF TRAFFIC...THE DRONE OF THE MAIL PLANE... A BABY'S WAIL... THEN --

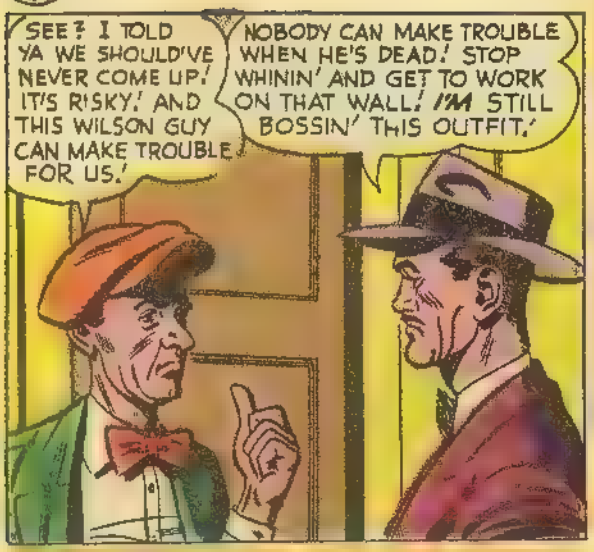
THE DOOR KNOB IS TURNING!

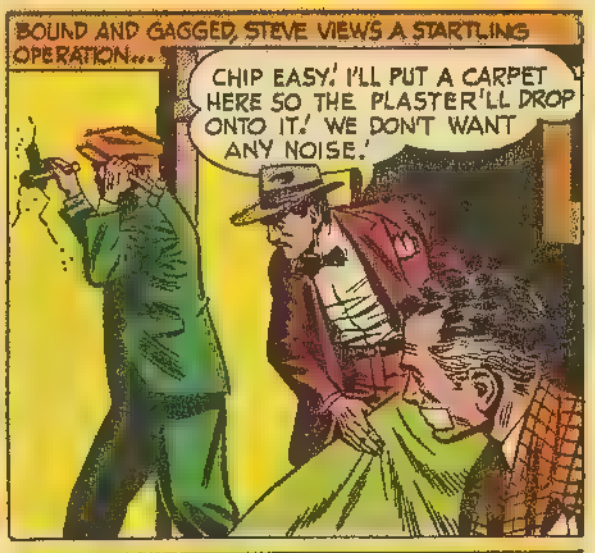
CLICK

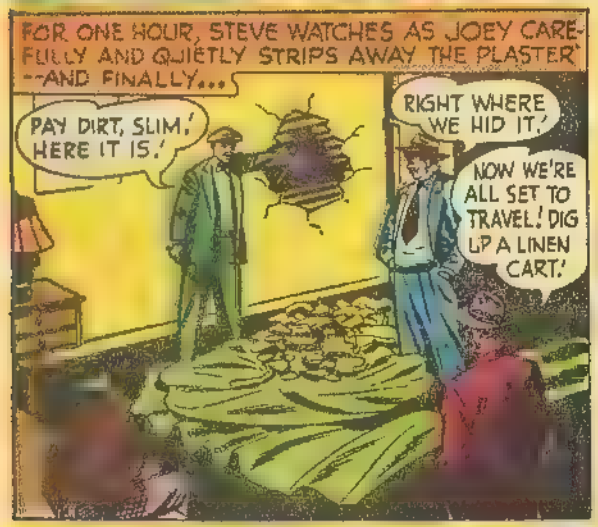
AS THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN--THERE IS A BURST OF BLINDING LIGHT!

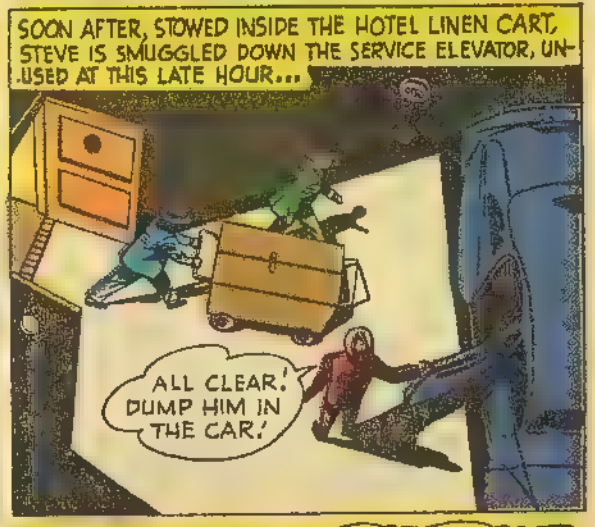
UHHH...

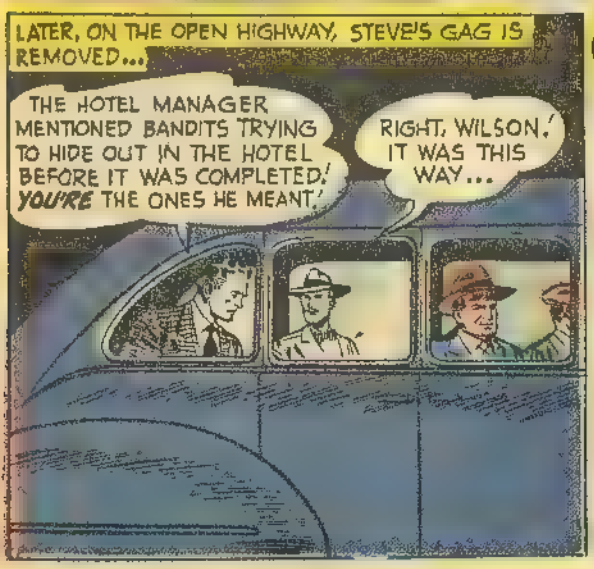
THE STARTLED INTRUDERS STAND FROZEN FOR A MOMENT...
IT'S A FRAME! LOOK OUT!
THREE "GHOSTS"! TWO MORE THAN I EXPECTED—BUT MAYBE I CAN CUT DOWN THE ODDS!
THAT'S IT, JOEY.
YEAH, HOLD M FOR ME.
FORGET THE KNIFE—THIS'LL TAKE HIM!
A CAMERA... AND FLASH BULB. HE HAD IT RIGGED TO GO OFF WHEN WE OPENED THE DOOR
S...M I SEEN TH.S G... S FACE BE-FORE! IT'S STEVE WILSON, THE NEWS PAPER GUY!
...ON THE DOOR AND A WOMAN'S
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ...T THAT'S THE MAD I HEARD A NOISE
WILSON. OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND WE'LL CLOSE IT FOREVER! UNDERSTAND?
M ALL RIGHT, THANKS.
OH, SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU! GOOD NIGHT, SIR.

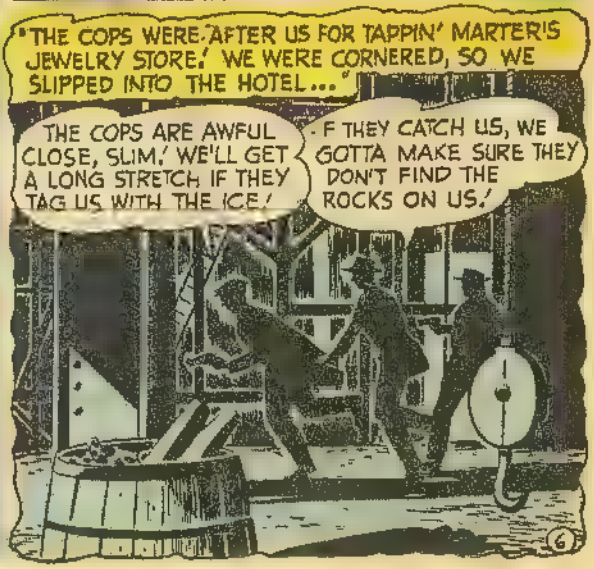

SEE? I TOLD YA WE SHOULD'VE NEVER COME UP! IT'S RISKY! AND THIS WILSON GUY CAN MAKE TROUBLE FOR US.'
NOBODY CAN MAKE TROUBLE WHEN HE'S DEAD! STOP WHININ' AND GET TO WORK ON THAT WALL! I'M STILL BOSSIN' THIS OUTFIT.'


BOUND AND GAGGED, STEVE VIEWS A STARTLING OPERATION...
CHIP EASY! I'LL PUT A CARPET HERE SO THE PLASTER'LL DROP ONTO IT! WE DON'T WANT ANY NOISE.'

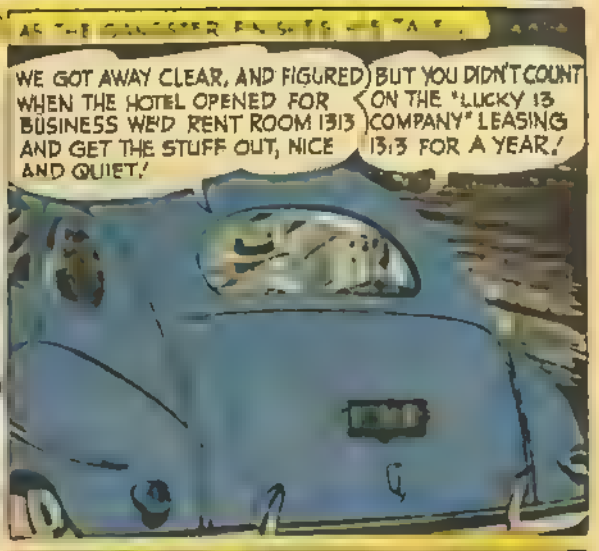

FOR ONE HOUR, STEVE WATCHES AS JOEY CAREFULLY AND QUIETLY STRIPS AWAY THE PLASTER --AND FINALLY...
PAY DIRT, SLIM.' HERE IT IS.'
RIGHT WHERE WE HID IT.'
NOW WE'RE ALL SET TO TRAVEL! DIG UP A LINEN CART.'


SOON AFTER, STOWED INSIDE THE HOTEL LINEN CART, STEVE IS SMUGGLED DOWN THE SERVICE ELEVATOR, UNUSED AT THIS LATE HOUR...
ALL CLEAR! DUMP HIM IN THE CAR!


LATER, ON THE OPEN HIGHWAY, STEVE'S GAG IS REMOVED...
THE HOTEL MANAGER MENTIONED BANDITS TRYING TO HIDE OUT IN THE HOTEL BEFORE IT WAS COMPLETED! YOU'RE THE ONES HE MEANT.'
RIGHT, WILSON.' IT WAS THIS WAY...

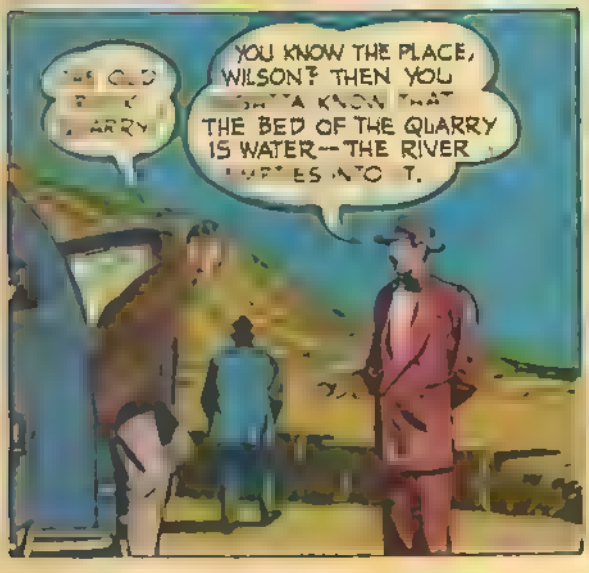

"THE COPS WERE AFTER US FOR TAPPIN' MARTER'S JEWELRY STORE.' WE WERE CORNERED, SO WE SLIPPED INTO THE HOTEL..."
THE COPS ARE AWFUL CLOSE, SLIM.' WE'LL GET A LONG STRETCH IF THEY TAG US WITH THE ICE.'
IF THEY CATCH US, WE GOTTA MAKE SURE THEY DON'T FIND THE ROCKS ON US.'
6

WHO'S GONNA KNOW THE STUFF IS INSIDE--ESPECIALLY IF I PLASTER THE HOLE! GIMME THAT
YOU THINK FAST, SAM


WE GOT AWAY CLEAR, AND FIGURED WHEN THE HOTEL OPENED FOR BUSINESS WE'D RENT ROOM 1313 AND GET THE STUFF OUT, NICE AND QUIET!
BUT YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON THE "LUCKY 13 COMPANY" LEASING 1313 FOR A YEAR!

SO YOU TRIED TO MAKE THE ROOM LOOK JINXED BY SNATCHING
YEAH! IT WAS RISKY--BUT WE HAD TO TAKE THE CHANCE
LEAVE THE ROOM, IT FORCED YOU
NOW I'M GLAD WE DID-- BUT YOU WON'T BE!

END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, WILSON


YOU KNOW THE PLACE, WILSON? THEN YOU
THE BED OF THE QUARRY IS WATER--THE RIVER

ANCHOR YOU DOWN, YOU'LL STAY RIGHT WHERE NOBODY'LL EVER FIND YOU--OR THE
THOSE TWO MEN? YOU KILLERS!

BUT HOT RAGE GIVES WAY TO COLD FACT--STEVE REALIZES HE MUST DO SOMETHING IF HE HOPES TO ESCAPE A SIMILAR FATE.!
THIS BETTER WORK... I WON'T GET A SECOND TRY.!
HEY.! HE'S TRYING TO RAM.!
PRETENDING TO SLIP, STEVE LURCHES AGAINST THE CAR AND...
UHHH...
HIM TO THE QUARRY, HIPPO.!
THE BIG GANGSTER'S CARRYING HIM IS WHAT STEVE COUNTED ON AS, UNNOTICED, HE SLIPS HIPPO'S KNIFE FROM ITS SHEATH...
AS HIPPO SETS STEVE DOWN BEFORE THE QUARRY PITMAN TURNS TO GET A BETTER...
THIS OUGHTTA BE BIG ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM DOWN FOR FISH FOOD.!
NOW.!
FREEING HIMSELF, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN LEAPS FOR THE CRANE CHAIN.!
HE'S LOOSE.!
HUH?

PLUG 'IM, JOEY! CAN'T YA HIT HIM? YA BLIND
YOU AIN'T DOIN SO HOT YOURSELF, WHAT'RE YA WORRYIN ABOUT? WE GOT HIM TRAPPED
THERE HE GOES! PICK HIM OFF
THIS BETTER WORK!
OVER THERE, COME ON, WE'VE GOT HIM BOXED IN NOW!
YOU'RE THROUGH, WILSON
YOU'VE GOT NO PLACE TO HIDE!

TRAPPED, STEVE CONCEIVES A DESPERATE PLAN...
I'M NO ACROBAT, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING!
CATAPULTING INTO THE STARTLED KILLERS, STEVE SWEEPS THEM OFF THE LEDGE...
UH.
I'M FALLING!
YAA-AA!
THEY'LL FIND A DRY SPOT DOWN THERE, BUT THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CLIMB UP THOSE SHEER ROCKS! THEY'LL KEEP TILL THE POLICE HAUL THEM UP!
LATER... WHEN STEVE RETURNS TO HIS ILLUSTRATED PRESS OFFICE...
STEVE! I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK! I CALLED THE HOTEL ROOM AND YOU DIDN'T ANSWER AND... OH, STEVE!
TEARS, LORELEI? I THOUGHT ALL WE NEWSPAPER PEOPLE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HARD-BOILED!
STEVE, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
YOU'LL READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! I'VE GOT A STORY TO WRITE! NOW SCOOT BEFORE I HAUNT YOU—AND I CAN DO IT, TOO—I'M FROM ROOM 1313—REMEMBER?
THE END

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY!
IT'S THE LAST PRACTICE BEFORE THE BIG GAME, SO WE'LL WORK ON BUNTING
LET'S GO!
THAT'S IT, BOB! A SWELL BUNT FOR A SQUEEZE PLAY. LET'S DO IT AGAIN
GEE! THIS PLAY TAKES REAL SPEED!
YEAH, AND WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO WEAR OUR "P-F'S" AFTER WHAT JIM TOLD US!
JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!
1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RUBBER WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION
* TRADE MARK
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION
THE BIG GAME!
WOW! TIE SCORE AND ONE ON THIRD! NOW FOR THE SQUEEZE PLAY!
REMEMBER THE SESSION ON BUNTING 2 BOB, DO YOUR STUFF!
BOY! THAT SQUEEZE BUNT WINS THE GAME!
THOSE PRACTICE SESSIONS SURE PAID OFF. STEADY PRACTICE AND "P-F'S" ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!
MY "P-F'S" SURE HELPED ME GET A FAST START!
GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:
GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:
1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE

HEADLINE HEROES

Jacob August RIIS

AMERICAN AUTHOR AND SOCIAL REFORMER
(1849 - 1914)

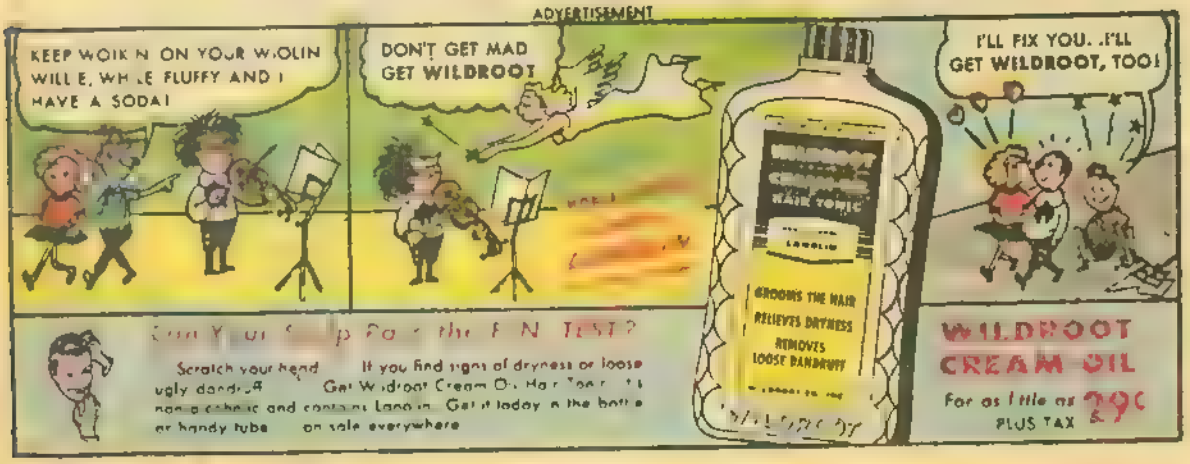
BORN IN DENMARK, RIIS CAME TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1870 AND WORKED AS A CARPENTER, FARM LABORER, COAL MINER, SALESMAN, AND NEWSPAPERMAN

IN 1877 HE JOINED THE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK **TRIBUNE** AND LATER WAS EMPLOYED AS POLICE REPORTER FOR THE NEW YORK **EVENING SUN.**

AS A REPORTER, RIIS BECAME CLOSELY AQUAINTED WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHO AT THAT TIME WAS POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK CITY. AS AN AUTHOR, HE BROUGHT THE PLIGHT OF THE POOR TO THE COUNTRY'S ATTENTION IN SUCH FORCEFUL BOOKS AS "HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES"; "CHILDREN OF THE POOR"; "THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUMS".

RIIS CAMPAIGNED VIGOROUSLY TO IMPROVE THE CONDITIONS OF THE POOR BY DOING AWAY WITH TENEMENTS AND SWEATSHOPS AND INTRODUCING PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS IN CONGESTED NEIGHBORHOODS.

ADVERTISEMENT


KEEP WOIK N ON YOUR W.OLIN WILL E. WH LE FLUFFY AND I HAVE A SODA!
DON'T GET MAD GET WILDROOT
I'LL FIX YOU. .I'LL GET WILDROOT, TOO!
HAIR TONIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
Scratch your head If you find signs of dryness or loose ugly dandruff Get Wildroot Cream Oil Hair Tonic It's non-greasy and contains Lanolin Get it today in the bottle or handy tube on sale everywhere
WILDROOT CREAM OIL
For as little as 29¢ PLUS TAX

Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

IN A STUDIO WHERE RECORDS ARE MADE--SOMEONE HAD SET A NEW ***RECORD FOR MURDER***...BECAUSE OF 17 TINY HOLES THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN A WALL--AND WERE NOT! YES, DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW, LEARNED A LOT ABOUT MANUFACTURED RECORDS, BUT IT WAS A WHILE BEFORE HE LEARNED ABOUT MANUFACTURED ***EVIDENCE!*** FOR INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, IT WAS A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC THAT FINALLY SOLVED THE --

CRIME ON THE RECORD!

BEHIND THESE INNOCENT-LOOKING DOORS A MURDER WILL SOON TAKE PLACE!
MDV
INSIDE HIS LUSH OFFICE, WENDELL STEVENS, PRESIDENT OF MDV, LISTENS TO AN UNWELCOME VISITOR...
STEVENS, I'VE BEEN PAYING CAROL DAWN BIG MONEY TO SING IN MY NIGHT CLUB! WHY DO YOU WANT TO CANCEL HER CONTRACT?
MR. FLORIAN, I MADE CAROL DAWN A GREAT SINGER! I GROOMED HER TO BE A BIG RECORD SELLER! SO FAR SHE'S GOTTEN FAVORABLE PUBLICITY!
BUT SHE WON'T ANYMORE IF SHE KEEPS SINGING IN ANY SHADY NIGHT CLUB OWNED BY AN EQUALLY SHADY PERSON! I'M HER MANAGER AND I SAY TONIGHT'S HER FAREWELL APPEARANCE AT YOUR DIVE! THAT'S MY LAST WORD!
IT COULD BE YOUR LAST WORD, STEVENS! NOBODY CROSSES MIKE FLORIAN--NOT UNLESS HE WANTS TO STOP TALKING FOR GOOD!
LATER THAT EVENING MR STEVENS OFFICE DOOR IS OPENED BY HIS CHIEF SOUND ENGINEER AND ..
MR STEVENS--? MR STEVENS--! OH--!
SOON AFTER THE HOMICIDE DETAIL ARRIVES WITH POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER MEDICAL EXAMINER, AND DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW!
SOUND-PROOF ROOM! NO WONDER NOBODY HEARD THE SHOT! OKAY, DOC, YOU LOOK OVER THE BODY AND I'LL DO SOME CHECKING!
RIGHT, JOHNNY!
2

...DETECTIVE LAW INTERROGATES CHARLIE BROOKS...
YOU SEE, SIR, I'M THE CHIEF SOUND ENGINEER OF MDV. I WAS JUST LOCKING UP "FORT KNOX" AND--
FORT KNOX?
"FORT KNOX" IS THE TRADE NICKNAME FOR THE ROOM WHERE WE STORE THE GOLD! AS I WAS SAYING, I LOCKED UP "FORT KNOX" AND--
WAIT! WHAT WOULD GOLD BE DOING IN A RECORDING STUDIO?
PRIVATE
Keep Out
AS HIS ANSWER, THE SOUND ENGINEER ESCORTS THE DETECTIVE INTO ANOTHER ROOM..
AFTER A RECORDING IS CUT, WE COAT THE WAX DISK WITH PURE 24-KARAT GOLD, AND THEN ADD A CRUST OF COPPER! THAT MAKES A HARD MASTER RECORD FROM WHICH ALL COPIES ARE MADE!
TRICKS TO EVERY TRADE, EH?
...THE MEDICAL EXAMINER ENTERS WITH A REPORT...
...FOR A SURPRISE, JOHNNY! I FOUND 10 PELLETS OF ...SHOT IN THE BODY!
WHAT--? YOU'RE SAYING SOMEBODY KILLED STEVENS WITH A SHOTGUN?
YES JOHNNY! THE MURDERER TOOK AN AWFUL CHANCE! YOU CAN'T PUT A SHOTGUN IN A POCKET! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SPOTTED IT!
NAW, NOT DOC. REMEMBER HOW MOBSTERS USED TO CARRY SAWED-OFF SHOTGUNS IN VIOLIN CASES? PLENTY OF VIOLINISTS WALK IN AND OUT OF A RECORDING STUDIO! THE KILLER COULD HAVE PASSED UNNOTICED AMONG THEM!
...OF MOBSTERS, YOU REMINDED ME OF MIKE FLORIAN! MR. STEVENS HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH HIM RECENTLY!
FLORIAN? A SHOTGUN KILLING WOULDN'T BE NEW TO THAT EX-TROGGER MAN! BUT WE NEVER COULD PIN ANY KILLINGS ON HIM!
AS BRIGGS GIVES THE FACTS ON THE STEVENS-FLORIAN QUARREL...
CAROL DAWN WAS PRETTY ANGRY AT STEVENS TOO. SHE DIDN'T LIKE HAVING HIM BOSS HER AROUND--AND SHE DIDN'T LIKE GIVING UP THE SALARY FLORIAN PAID HER FOR SINGING AT HIS NIGHT CLUB!
NMM...SO I'VE GOT TWO SUSPECTS! THINK I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THEM RIGHT NOW!
3

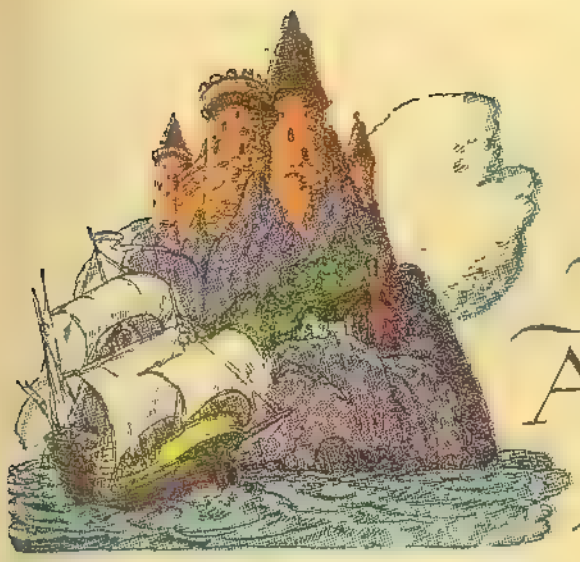
LATER, THE DARING DETECTIVE VISITS THE HOTEL PENT-HOUSE WHERE FLORAN OPERATES HIS NOTORIOUS "PIRATES' DEN" NIGHT CLUB...
THERE SHE IS! I'LL WAIT TILL SHE FINISHES!
"OH THAT BOLD PIRATE CAPTAIN, IS MUCH TOO BOLD FOR ME... HE STOLE MY HEART, HE STOLE MY LOVE, AND THEN HE WENT TO SEA!"
AND WHEN THE FLOOR SHOW IS OVER...
MISS DAWN, I'M DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW--HOMICIDE. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MR. STEVENS!
SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I DID IT!
I'M NOT ACCUSING YOU OF ANYTHING, MISS DAWN! BUT YOU DID HAVE A MOTIVE! WITH STEVENS DEAD, HIS MANAGERIAL CONTRACT WITH YOU IS VOID! YOU CAN CONTINUE SINGING HERE AND SIGN WITH ANOTHER RECORDING STUDIO IF YOU WISH--FOR MORE MONEY!
TRUE--BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM!
YOU KNOW...YOU'RE VERY HANDSOME, DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW! IF YOU ASK ME NICELY,...I MIGHT CONSIDER GOING OUT WITH YOU!
I'M FLATTERED, MISS DAWN...BUT I NEVER GO OUT SOCIALLY WITH MURDER SUSPECTS!
TURNING FROM CAROL DAWN, THE DETECTIVE WALKS TOWARD FLORAN'S OFFICE...
I WANT TO SEE YOUR BOSS!
HE AIN'T IN TO NOBODY--AND THAT INCLUDES YOU, BUSTER!
PRIVATE
4

SWIFTLY THE AGILE DETECTIVE FLINGS THE HOODLUM TO ONE SIDE ...
I—— UNH—!
YOU'RE WAY OFF BALANCE, BUSTER!
INSIDE THE EX-MOBSTER'S OFFICE— A STARTLING SIGHT...
LAW!... STICK 'EM UP! HIGH!
A SHOTGUN! THAT WOULDN'T BE THE MURDER WEAPON, WOULD IT, FLORIAN?
THIS SHOTGUN WAS PLANTED IN MY OFFICE! I WAS ABOUT TO DITCH IT SOMEWHERE—JUST AS YOU CAME IN! SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO FRAME ME FOR STEVENS' MURDER!
A NICE JIGSAW PUZZLE, FLORIAN! BUT SUPPOSE WE GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT WHETHER ALL THE PIECES FIT?
YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' ME ANYWHERE, COPPER!
DON'T BE A FOOL FLORIAN! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE L—
BLAM!
THE RECOIL'S SENDING HIM BACK OVER THE EDGE! FLORIAN— GRAB MY HAND—!
C-CAN'T REACH YUH..
THE MAN FROM NOWHERE SWIFTLY CONCEIVES AND FLORIAN, FOOLISH! BUT THE GUNMAN HAS FORGOTTEN A SHOTGUN HAS A POWERFUL KICK AND...

LATER..
FLORIAN FINALLY PAID FOR HIS CRIMES! STEVENS' MURDER WAS ONE TOO MANY!
BUT DID FLORIAN KILL STEVENS? WHY DIDN'T HE HIDE THE MURDER WEAPON BEFORE HE RETURNED TO HIS CLUB? SOMETHING'S WRONG!
ANNOYED BY THAT INSISTENT DOUBT, JOHNNY LAW RETURNS TO THE GRIM MURDER ROOM AT THE MDV STUDIOS..
IT'S JUST ANOTHER ROOM NOW! YOU'D NEVER KNOW SOMEBODY HAD BEEN BLASTED IN HERE WITH A SHOTGUN! A WEAPON--WHICH SPRAYS PELLETS LIKE RAIN!
THE THOUGHT SUDDENLY STRIKES A CORD IN THE DETECTIVE'S TRAINED MIND...
WA T--!A NUMBER 4 SHOTGUN SHELL HOLDS 27 PELLETS--BUT THE DOC FOUND ONLY 10 PELLETS IN THE BODY! THE REMA NING 17 PELLETS SHOULD HAVE SPRAYED THESE WALLS--BUT THEY DIDN'T! I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT THIS!
JUMPING INTO HIS SEDAN, THE GRIM DETECTIVE SPEEDS TO THE APARTMENT OF CAROL DAWN...
MISS DAWN, WILL YOU HELP ME FIND STEVENS' KILLER?
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO...
FOLLOWING THE DETECTIVE'S PLAN, THE SINGER MAKES A PHONE CALL...
I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT STEVENS' MURDER--SOMETHING BOTH THE POLICE AND YOU WOULD BE INTERESTED IN, UNDERSTAND? HOW ABOUT COMING TO MY APARTMENT TO TALK IT OVER?
I'M INTERESTED... BUT I'D RATHER MEET ELSEWHERE!
I'LL MEET YOU AT PIER 13 IN AN HOUR!
ALL RIGHT!
HE TOOK THE BAIT! NOW IF ONLY THE REST OF MY HUNCH PAYS OFF!
ALONG THE GLOOM-SHROUDED WATERFRONT, A BRAVE GIRL KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT--WITH A KILLER!
I SEE YOU'RE ON TIME, MISS DAWN!

NOW, MISS DAWN, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT STEVENS AND WHY WOULD INTEREST ME?
Y-YOU'VE BEEN STEALING GOLD FROM THE STUDIOS 'FORT KNOX'! MR. STEVENS FOUND OUT--SO YOU KILLED HIM!
YOU'RE VERY CLEVER--AND VERY RIGHT! GOLD FETCHES A HIGH PRICE ON THE KOREAN BLACK MARKET! THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN STEALING AND SMUGGLING IT OUT! I HAD A NICE RACKET UNTIL STEVENS GOT WISE!
I RATHER YOU INTEND TO BLACKMAIL ME WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OR TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE! WELL I'LL PAY YOU OFF ALL RIGHT, WITH THIS!
DROP THAT GUN MIJOS!
INSTANTLY THE KILLER SEIZES THE GIRL AS A SHIELD, HIS GUN-FIRE SLASHING THE NIGHT!
JOHNNY LAW! LOOKS LIKE YOU FELL INTO YOUR OWN TRAP!
PROVIDE A CASE FOR HOMICIDE, DETECTIVE LAW!

DESPERATELY, JOHNNY LAW LUNGES AT THE SURPRISED GUNMAN ...
HIT THE DECK, CAROL!
I'LL KILL YOU BOTH FOR THIS!
NEITHER OF YOU WILL WALK AWAY FROM HERE ALI—
YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP, BRIGGS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE DETECTIVE LIFTS THE DAZED MURDERER BACK ONTO THE WHARF...
B-BUT HOW D YOU GUESS..?
YOU HAD A TRICKY MURDER SETUP! SO SIMPLE, TOO! YOU JUST WADDED SOME SHOTGUN PELLETS INTO A BLANK REVOLVER CAR— TRIDGE AND FIRED IT FROM A REVOLVER, MAKING IT APPEAR AS IF THE KILLING WAS DONE WITH A SHOTGUN!
THAT WAY YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SMUGGLE A SHOTGUN INTO THE STUDIO! LATER, YOU PLANTED A REAL SHOTGUN IN FLORIAN'S OFFICE--KNOWING THE EX— TRIGGERMAN WOULD LOOK LIKE THE LOGICAL KILLER!
B-BUT WHERE'D I SLIP UP?
YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF BY NOT ADDING UP THE SHOTGUN PELLETS IN A NO. 4 SHOTGUN SHELL! IT CONTAINS 27 PELLETS--BUT YOU ONLY USED 10. WHEN I COULDN'T FIND THE REMAINING 17, I BE- GAN WONDERING. AND THAT'S GOING TO ADD UP TO MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!
UH DETECTIVE LAW... WHAT TIME DO YOU GO OFF DUTY?
AS SOON AS I JUG BRIGGS AND TYPE UP MY REPORT!
WELL, MAKE YOUR RE- PORT... AND THEN... HOW ABOUT RE- PORTING BACK TO ME!
HMMMM
THE END



They BUILD ANYTHING in HOURS

IN a five-story Manhattan loft building overlooking the East River, 100 designers, draftsmen, carpenters, painters, stagehands and office assistants are turning out three and a half acres of scenery a week for 34 CBS telecasts, with props, setpieces, draperies and fixtures.

Concentrated in this drab-looking dream factory is a belt-line operation unheard of in the Broadway theatre and equaled or surpassed only in Hollywood. There are administrative offices and separate work areas for a design department, scenery storage, carpenter shop, paint shop and the special effects, properties and graphic arts departments.

Today, no frantic director has to wonder where his next piece of scenery is coming from, when it will arrive or what it will look like. While he studies his copy of next week's script, he knows that the scenic designer assigned to his program is poring over another copy, and that later the same day, they'll get together for a conference.

By the time they do, the designer usually has some rough pencil sketches. The director okays them, or explains his dramatic ideas to the designer, who revises his roughs on the spot. Both men know that in 72 hours, or 36 if necessary, the most elaborate set can be anchored to the studio floor, ready for the cameras.

Back at his drawing board, the designer, one of 12 on the staff, does the sketches. Later, these lifelike color drawings are translated into floor plans and elevations by draftsmen. The latter use large sheets of graph paper on which quarter-inch squares represent square feet. Heavier lines drawn on this grid represent the outline floor plan of the studio in which the broadcast will be produced.

These working drawings are blueprinted and distributed to the carpenter and paint shops, the studio manager, the director and to the Manager of Scenic Design and Construction, who is in charge of the factory.

Another blueprint goes to the scenery storage department, which keep a stock of 100,000 square feet of flat scenery, and some 500 setpieces such as fire hydrants, hitching posts, rocks, trees, gravestones, fireplaces, etc.

Meanwhile, the carpenter shop has begun

construction of the scenery: doors, windows, walls, fireplaces, columns, pillars, or such items as the superstructure of the battleship "Bismarck," a locomotive cab, a gibbet or a rocket-launching platform!

In the course of a month, the carpenter shop consumes 48,000 feet of lumber; about an acre and a half of fir and bass plywood paneling, compoboard and plexiglass, the latter used for windows; a ton of nails, brads, screws and staples; and another ton of assorted hardware such as hinges, door knobs, angle irons, etc; and 3,000 square yards of canvas. Molding is used up at the rate of 10,000 feet a month.

From the carpenter shop, the sets are moved to the paint deck. Guided by the designer's color sketches, the Chief Scenic Artist indicates the color treatment required for each scene. The staff of 20 scenic artists goes to work with a variety of brushes affixed to long bamboo handles, which permit them to work in erect position while the scenes lie on the floor.

The first step is to coat the set with a glue solution. This guarantees adherence of the water-mixed colors. When the glue coat is dry, a ground color is applied. This is followed by the painting-in of bricks, wood panels, stonework or whatever the designer's master-drawing indicates is to be used.

Depending on the requirements, the scene may be sprayed with a thin wash of color, to keep a brick wall from looking too new, or a somber room from looking too bright.

The paint shop stocks more brushes, and in greater variety, than the average large office does lead pencils. There are fitches, pound brushes, flats, liners, Dutch primers, grainers, dusters, sash tools, each in its own range of sizes.

The fitch is an interesting instrument. Its mass of long bristles is so flared that a painter can dip opposite ends in separate colors and create a blend with one skilled, twisting swipe across a surface. This is an old scenic artist's trick, used in painting foliage, for example.

When the final coat has dried, the scenery is ready for the television cameras and the audience beyond. All that remains to do is check it out to the loading platform for delivery to the studio. The show goes on.

Truly, here is a factory that makes your dreams come true. In a mere matter of hours, it will build your castle, your house, your ship, or your garden festooned with flowers which look so real, you can almost smell them.

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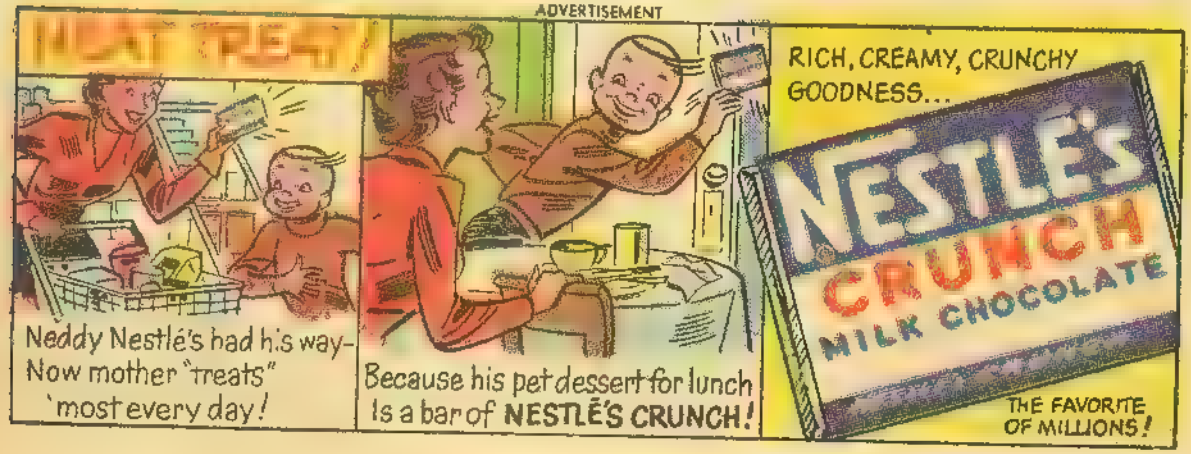
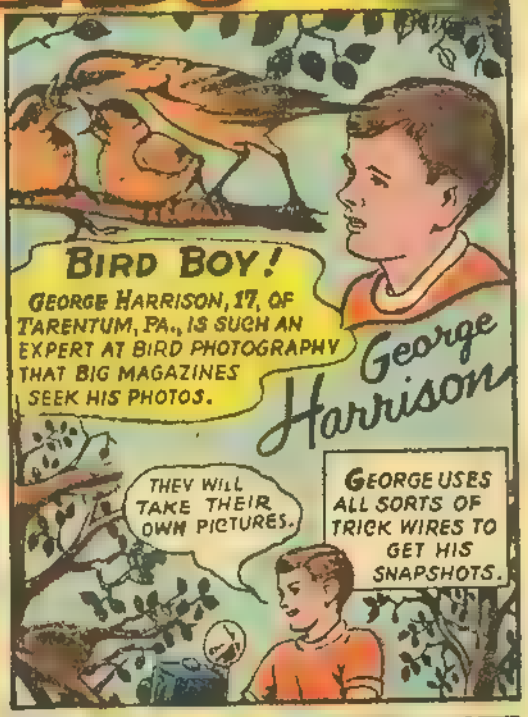
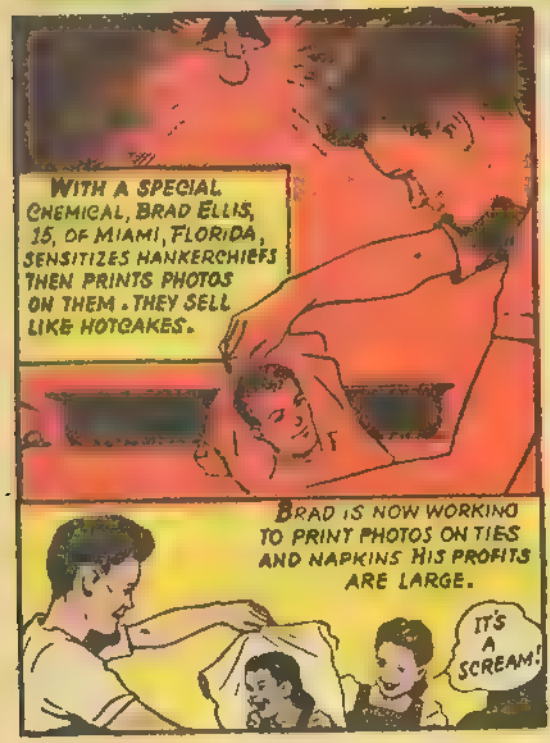


LENS-LADS

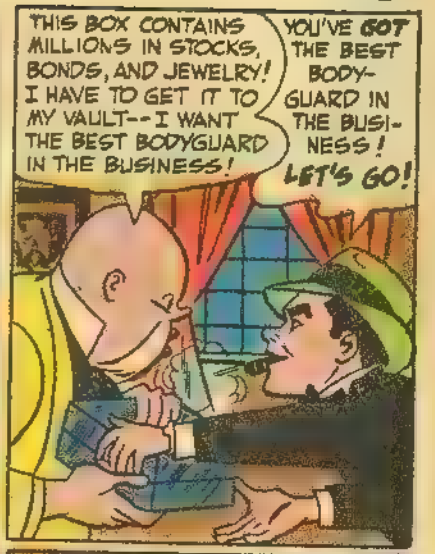
WINNER
HIS PARENTS COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY HIM A CAMERA SO DAVID, A STUDENT AT LANE TECH HIGH IN CHICAGO, SAVED HIS LUNCH MONEY AND BOUGHT A CHEAP ONE.
David Charewicz
- CHICAGO -
NOW, I'LL GET A REAL CAMERA!
DAVID TOOK A PHOTO UNDER THE ELEVATED, A SHOT OF LIGHT AND SHADOW WHICH HE LABELLED, "NOON REST." IT WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST!


BIRD BOY!
GEORGE HARRISON, 17, OF TARENTUM, PA., IS SUCH AN EXPERT AT BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY THAT BIG MAGAZINES SEEK HIS PHOTOS.
George Harrison
THEY WILL TAKE THEIR OWN PICTURES.
GEORGE USES ALL SORTS OF TRICK WIRES TO GET HIS SNAPSHOTS.

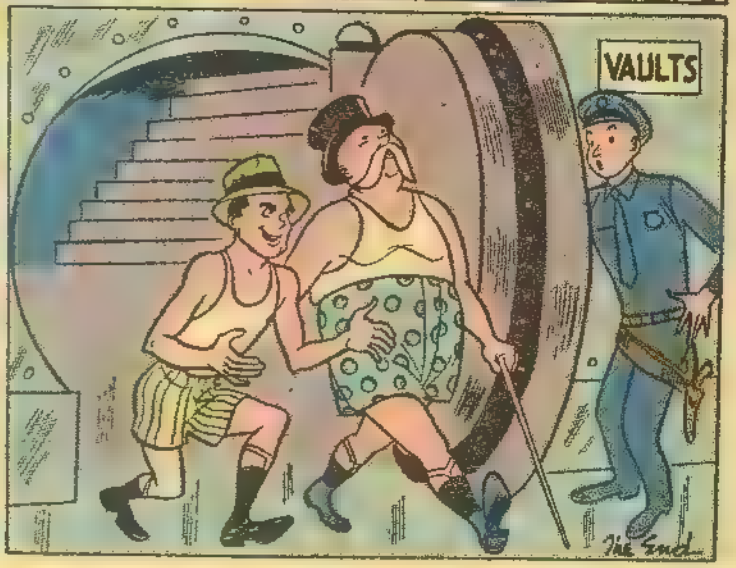

WITH A SPECIAL CHEMICAL, BRAD ELLIS, 15, OF MIAMI, FLORIDA, SENSITIZES HANKERCHIEFS THEN PRINTS PHOTOS ON THEM. THEY SELL LIKE HOTCAKES.
BRAD IS NOW WORKING TO PRINT PHOTOS ON TIES AND NAPKINS HIS PROFITS ARE LARGE.
IT'S A SCREAM!

LENS-LAD!
ONLY 17, GEORGE DANKER IS A FULL-FLEDGED CAMERAMAN FOR THE NEWSPAPER IN HIS HOME TOWN, KEARNEY, NEB.
George Danker
... HE LEARNED A COMPLICATED PROCESS AND NOW ENGRAVES ALL PHOTOS FOR THE PAPER ALSO!
DURING A BIG BLIZZARD GEORGE STRUGGLED THROUGH THE SNOW AND GOT PHOTOS OF STARVING CATTLE AND HAYLIFT AIRPLANES... THE PHOTOS BROUGHT HIM NATIONAL FAME, PRIZES AND MONEY!

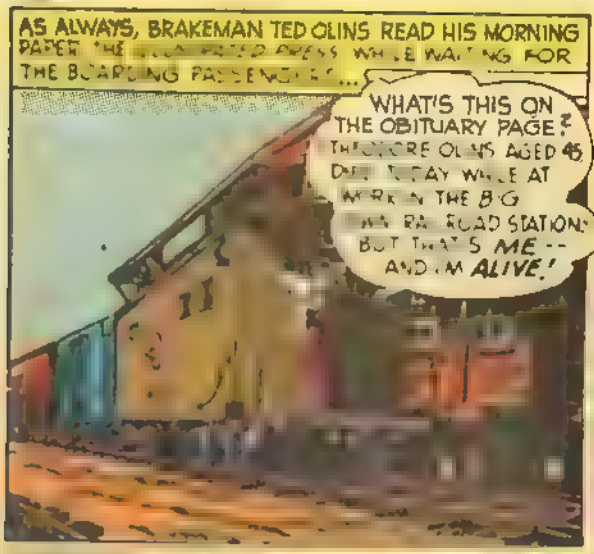
O'MALLEY
OF THE 4TH PRECINCT

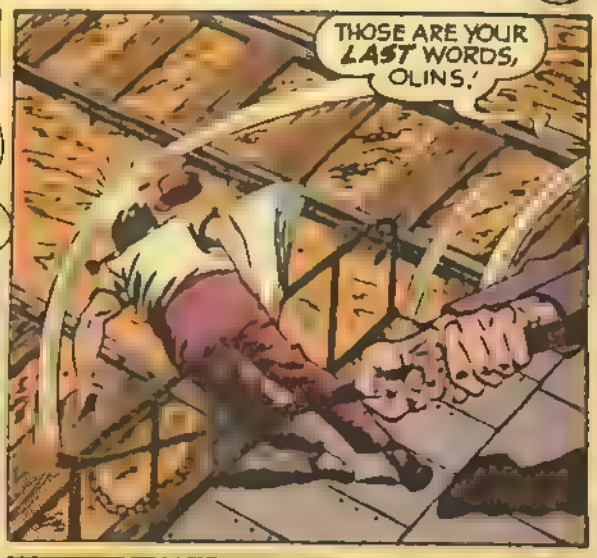

THIS BOX CONTAINS MILLIONS IN STOCKS, BONDS, AND JEWELRY! I HAVE TO GET IT TO MY VAULT--I WANT THE BEST BODYGUARD IN THE BUSINESS!
YOU'VE GOT THE BEST BODY-GUARD IN THE BUSINESS!
LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE...THE BIG DIP AND LITTLE DIP AWAIT WITHOUT...
WHO DO YOU THINK WATCHED THE GOLD WHEN THEY SHIPPED IT TO FORT KNOX?
DAT IS DEY, BIG DIP!

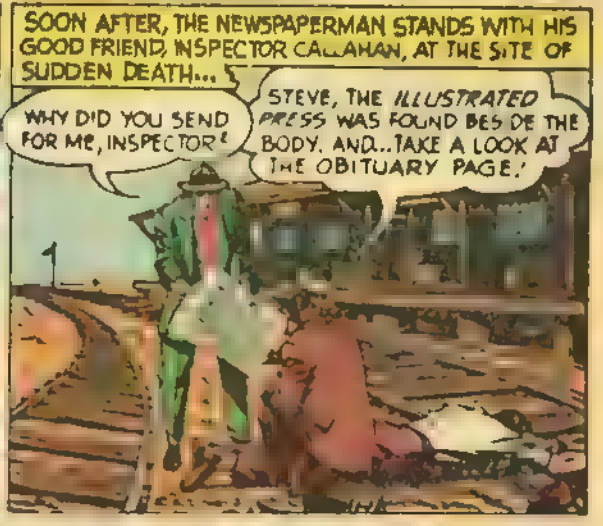


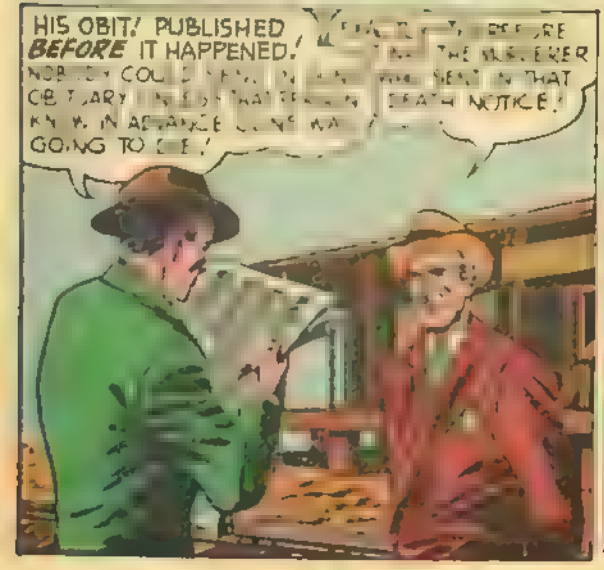
BIG TOWN
OBITUARIES
STEVE WILSON
THE OBITUARY COLUMNS IN BIG TOWN'S DAILY NEWSPAPERS CONTAIN A LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY... BUT WHAT STRANGE TWISTED MOTIVATION LED A CRIMINAL TO PHONE IN BEFOREHAND THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WERE DOOMED TO DIE-- BY HIS HAND? STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN, FINDS HIS OWN PAPER, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE TO MURDER, WHEN A KILLER WRITES...
"OBITUARIES FOR SALE!"

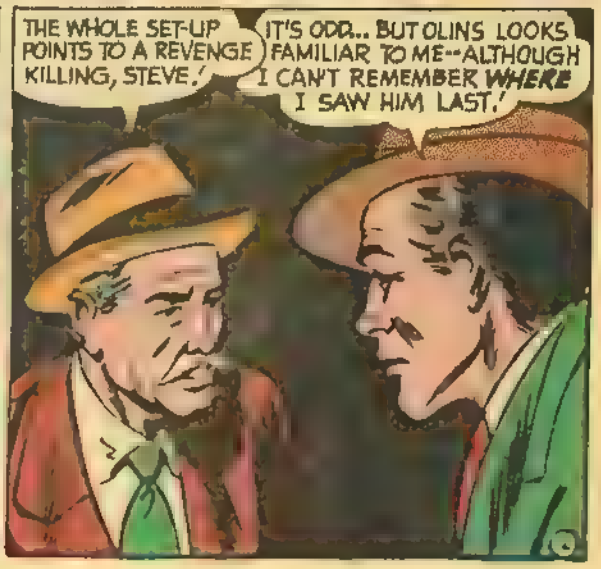

AS ALWAYS, BRAKEMAN TED OLINS READ HIS MORNING PAPER THE [illegible] PRESS WHILE WAITING FOR THE BOARDING PASSENGERS...
WHAT'S THIS ON THE OBITUARY PAGE? THEY'VE OLINS AGED 45 DIED TODAY WHILE AT WORK IN THE BIG [illegible] RAILROAD STATION! BUT THAT'S ME -- AND I'M ALIVE!


THOSE ARE YOUR LAST WORDS, OLINS!

SOMETIME AFTER A RUSH [illegible] WILSON, ACE NEWSMAN, OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
THE RAILROAD STATION, HARRY--AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
CONSIDER YOURSELF THERE, MISTER WILSON!


SOON AFTER, THE NEWSPAPERMAN STANDS WITH HIS GOOD FRIEND, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN, AT THE SITE OF SUDDEN DEATH...
WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME, INSPECTOR?
STEVE, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS WAS FOUND BESIDE THE BODY. AND...TAKE A LOOK AT THE OBITUARY PAGE!


HIS OBIT! PUBLISHED BEFORE IT HAPPENED! [illegible] BEFORE THE MURDERER [illegible] NOBODY COULD [illegible] IN THAT OBITUARY [illegible] DEATH NOTICE! [illegible] IN ADVANCE [illegible] GOING TO BE!


THE WHOLE SET-UP POINTS TO A REVENGE KILLING, STEVE!
IT'S ODD... BUT OLINS LOOKS FAMILIAR TO ME--ALTHOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE I SAW HIM LAST!

NOONTIME... AND STEEL WORKER, PAUL BANNON, OPENS HIS LUNCH BOX AND THE AFTERNOON EDITION OF THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*.
MY NAME--IT'S IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN! "***PAUL BANNON, STEEL WORKER, DIED TODAY WHEN CRUSHED BY FALLING GIRDERS.***" IT MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE WITH MY NAME.'
SUDDENLY, A SHADOWY KILLER CUTS THE HUGE ELECTRO-MAGNET POWER AND BANNON DIES AS HIS OBITUARY PREDICTED...
HA-HA.
NO! NO..
SOON AFTER, IN STEVE WILSON'S OFFICE...
STEVE THIS MAKES THE SECOND OBIT KILLING.'
AND THE SECOND TIME A MURDER VICTIM'S FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR TO ME... ALTHOUGH I CAN'T PLACE IT.'
ANYWAY .. OLINS' OBIT WAS PHONED IN FOR THE MORNING EDITION -- BANNON'S OBIT WAS PHONED IN TO MAKE THE AFTERNOON EDITION.' IF THE KILLER FOLLOWS THAT PATTERN, HE'LL BE PHONING IN ANOTHER OBIT FOR THE 5 O'CLOCK EDITION.'
FOUR HOURS TO MURDER, EH?
AT EXACTLY 4:30..
DUFFY, EIGHT NEW OBITUARIES HAVE BEEN PHONED IN FOR THE FINAL EDITION! ONE OF THESE MAY BE AN ***ADVANCE*** OBIT! BUT WHICH ONE? HOLD UP THE EDITION UNTIL I CHECK ON EVERY NAME FIRST! UNDERSTAND?
RIGHT!
AND SO, WITH HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE, STEVE BEGINS THE MACABRE TASK OF VERIFYING DEATH NOTICES...
YES, MY HUSBAND DIED THIS MORNING.'
YOU HAVE OUR SYMPATHY, MRS. VINLEY.'

WE WON'T EVEN HAVE TO GO IN TO CHECK THIS ONE, STEVE! THERE'S A FUNERAL WREATH ON THE DOOR!
WE MIGHT AS WELL KEEP GOING TO THE NEXT ADDRESS
SOON AFTER, STEVE GETS AN OUT-
MR. NELSON? IF YOU COME TO MY HOME I MAY HAVE SOME INFORMATION FOR YOU ABOUT THE PERSON BEHIND THESE TERRIBLE
KNOW
MY ADDRESS IS PARK DRIVE THE NAME IS NELSON ALVIN NELSON. HURRY
MR. NELSON WAIT. HE HUNG UP
NELSON? BUT STEVE..
YES, LORELIE! ALVIN NELSON WAS ONE
OHH-STEVE
OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER DUO SPEEDS OFF IN LORELIE'S CAR
I DON'T UNDERSTAND STEVE WE SAW A FUNERAL WREATH ON MR. NELSON'S DOOR.
IT'S CALLED THE KISS OF AN
WE
4

AT THE NELSON MANSION... MINUTES LATER...
STEVE! A SHOT! WE'RE TOO LATE!
BLAM!
MAYBE--BUT THE KILLER IS STILL INSIDE! WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO GET HIM!
STEVE WILSON RACES INTO THE MANSION IN TIME TO GLIMPSE A DARTING FIGURE...
THE KILLER!
OUTSIDE ON THE BIZARRE VICTORIAN ORNAMENTATION, THE ACE NEWSPAPERMAN KEEPS UP HIS PURSUIT EVEN AS .38 CALIBRE DEATH BUZZES ABOUT HIM...
IF HE KEEPS ON FIRING, HE'LL SOON BE OUT OF BULLETS!
THE KILLER'S GUN CLICKS ON AN EMPTY CHAMBER -- BUT...
DESPERATELY STEVE CLINGS TO THE JUTTING ORNAMENTATION...
STEVE! DON'T LET GO!
GOT... TO... HOLD... ON...
A MOMENT LATER, LORELEI REACHES THE UPPER BALCONY AND MANAGES TO HELP THE DAZED NEWSMAN TO SAFETY...
STEVE--STEVE. A-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES... BUT THE KILLER GOT AWAY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND NELSON! HE--OR HIS BODY--MUST BE IN THE HOUSE SOMEPLACE!

IT IS ON ONE OF THE UPPER FLOORS THAT THE TWO FIND A STILL FORM...
IS--IS HE...?
HE'S STILL ALIVE. THE BULLET ONLY GRAZED HIS TEMPLE! WE'D BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE--AND INSPECTOR CALLAHAN... GREAT THUNDER! IT JUST STRUCK ME! I'VE SEEN NELSON BEFORE, TOO! BUT WHERE... I CAN'T RECALL...
AFTERWARDS, WHEN NELSON'S HEAD HAS BEEN TREATED...
MR. NELSON, YOU KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT THE KILLER! TELL US!
KILLER?... CAN'T REMEMBER... CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT THE KILLER... MY HEAD--HURTS-- CAN'T REMEMBER--
TRY TO REMEMBER, MR. NELSON! IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT!
IT'S NO USE, MR. WILSON! FRIGHT AND SHOCK HAVE CAUSED A MENTAL BLOCK IN HIS MIND WHEN HE THINKS OF THE KILLER! IT'S USUALLY TEMPORARY... WEARS OFF IN A FEW DAYS!
AFTER THE INSPECTOR ARRIVES...
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR NELSON TO RECOVER HIS MEMORY! IN THAT TIME THE KILLER CAN STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN! NELSON WAS OUR ONE LEAD! WHAT LUCK!
MURPHY, I WANT A CORDON THROWN ABOUT THE NELSON HOUSE! JUST IN CASE THAT LUNATIC KILLER TRIES TO FINISH THE JOB!
AFTERWARD, IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS OFFICES, STEVE WILSON'S RESTLESS MIND GROPES FOR A CLUE. SOMETHING THAT WILL END THIS NIGHTMARE...
A TRAIN BRAKEMAN, A STEEL YARD WORKER A WEALTHY LAWYER! PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE! WHAT'S THE GREAT LEVELER? WHAT'S THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THEM?
HOBBIES? MILITARY SERVICE? ALL OF US, RICH OR POOR, PAY TAXES, WE VOTE, SERVE ON JURIES--
JURIES?!... JURIES--! THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHERE I SAW THE VICTIMS BEFORE! I WAS ONLY A CUB REPORTER THEN...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE COND DEGREE!
AND KILLER FENNER BROKE JAIL LAST
PROFESSOR ANTHONY CARTER!
HOLD BACK THE EDITION
MUST BE KING MIDAS!
MUCH ABOUT HIM, STEVE!
THE PROFESSOR'S PUBLICITY-SHY, LORELEI!
WOMAN!

TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT, THE LOVELY ASTRONOMER KNOWS NOTHING OF THE OBITUARY MURDERS...
PROFESSOR, YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A RADIO OR READ A NEWSPAPER?
I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY MAKING LUNAR OBSERVATIONS--TYPING UP NOTES! IF I'D KNOWN NELSON WAS HURT, I'D HAVE CERTAINLY GONE TO SEE HIM.'
YOU KNOW ALVIN NELSON?
WHEN WE MET ON THE KILLER FENNER JURY TEN YEARS AGO, I MADE NELSON MY INVESTMENT COUNSELOR! HE'S BEEN HANDLING MY FINANCES EVER SINCE.'
SUDDENLY, ALL FREEZE AS AN INSISTENT RAPPING ECHOES THROUGH THE HUGE INTERIOR...
GROCERIES.'
THAT'S THE DELIVERY CLERK! HE USUALLY BRINGS MY SUPPLIES FOR A WEEK.'
LET HIM IN--AFTER WE H DE--JUST IN CASE T'S KILLER FENNER OUT THERE.'
A MOMENT LATER...
WILL YOU PUT THE GROCERIES IN THE STOREROOM, PLEASE?
RIGHT! I BROUGHT YA TODAY'S PAPER, JUST IN CASE YA WANTA READ THE NEWS.'
ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY, AND WITH GROWING TERROR, THE BEAUTIFUL PROFESSOR TURNS TO THE OBITUARY PAGE...
"PROFESSOR ANTHONY CARTER, WEALTHY ASTRONOMER, DIED TODAY AT HER OBSERVATORY!"
OH—NO!—NO.'
OH, YES! YOU KNOW THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS ALWAYS PRINTS THE TRUTH.'
EVEN AS THE KILLER MOVES, AN ACCURATE PISTOL SHOT SLAMS THE GUN FROM HIS FINGERS.'
HOLD IT.'
UHH-!
BANG
NELSON! ALVIN NELSON.'
8

YES--I USED STEVE WILSON AS A COVER-UP--JUST AS I USED KILLER FENNER'S NAME AS A COVER-UP FOR MY MURDERS! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME IN!
I'M HEADING FOR THE TELESCOPE
I'M TOO SMART FOR ALL OF YOU! I'LL GET AWAY!
INTO
WE'LL NEVER STOP HIM NOW! THE CRADLE WILL TAKE HIM RIGHT TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM THAT LEADS TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOME
BUT STEVE'S AGILE LEAP SUCCEEDS, AND THE KILLER IS UNAWARE THAT THE NEWSPAPERMAN HANGS JUST BELOW HIS FEET...
HA, HA! WELL, WILSON, WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW? GOING TO CAPTURE ME, EH? WILSON!--WHERE ARE YOU?

THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN CLIMBS BESIDE THE KILLER AND...
NO NEED TO SHOUT! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
THE MURDER OF OLINS AND BANNON WAS ONLY WINDOW DRESSING! TO THROW THE POLICE OFF THE TRACK! PROFESSOR CARTER'S DEATH WAS YOUR REAL OBJECTIVE, WASN'T IT?
YES—I'D BEEN DRAINING HER ESTATE FOR YEARS--I HAD TO KILL HER SO SHE'D NEVER KNOW! WHEN AN UNDER-WORLD CRONY TOLD ME KILLER FENNER DIED SECRETLY, AFTER HIS ESCAPE--I MADE MY PLANS! AND...
... AND NOTHING! I'M STILL TOO SMART FOR YOU! GOOD-BYE, WILSON!
BUT THE KILLER HAS UNDERESTIMATED THE DISTANCE! HIS FINGERS TOUCH--SLIP--AND RETRIBUTION WAITS FAR BELOW ON THE STONE FLOOR...
I WON'T BE NEEDING THESE--NOW!
LATER...A SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED PRESS EXTRA HITS THE STREETS...
WUXTRY! WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT! OBITUARY KILLINGS ENDED!
WELL, LORELEI--IT WAS ONLY INEVITABLE THAT THE OBITUARY KILLER WOULD HIMSELF END UP ON THE OBITUARY PAGE!
THE END

DON'T BE EARTH-BOUND!

JET OFF TO ALIEN WORLDS

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STEVE AND LORELEI
in "Jimmy Gets the Tipoff!"
BANK
THAT'S A GREAT NEWS PHOTO, JIMMY!
YOU WON'T BE AN OFFICE BOY LONG!
THANKS, MR. WILSON! —THANKS, MISS LORELEI!
I'D PROMOTE JIMMY TODAY, LORELEI... BUT THAT "B.O."!
HMMM! BETTER TIP HIM OFF ABOUT LIFEBUOY!
LORELEI SLIPS A LIFEBUOY AD ON JIMMY'S DESK!
GOSH! "B.O."? ME! I'D BETTER GET LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY!
EVERY DAY AFTER THAT...
LIFEBUOY'S REALLY SWELL! IT STOPS "B.O." UP TO 48 HOURS!
Doctors proved Lifebuoy with its purifying ingredient gets skin cleaner than any other leading soap! That's why Lifebuoy stops "B.O." wherever it occurs—on all 13 parts of your body. Buy Lifebuoy Health Soap today! Steve Wilson says:
I NEVER SKIP MY LIFEBUOY BATH!
JIMMY, YOU'VE EARNED YOUR PROMOTION!
THANK GOODNESS I GOT WISE TO LIFEBUOY!
LISTEN TO STEVE AND LORELEI IN "BIG TOWN" RADIO SHOW EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ON NBC NETWORK
LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY
USE IT DAILY!

LEAVE IT TO Binky
"LOOK FOR THE Real REASON!"
HMPH! BINKY IS AS TALKATIVE AS A CLAM! MAYBE HE THINKS IT'S SMART TO BE THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE!...
WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME! HMM.. THAT ARTICLE I READ--"HOW TO BE A WOMAN OF MYSTERY"--I CAN JUST SEE MYSELF...
HIYA, PEGGY... HI, BINKY...
OH... HI, FRED...
CHEER UP, OLD BOY... I DIDN'T MAKE THE TEAM, EITHER. IT'S TOUGH, BUT I'M NOT GONNA LOSE TOO MUCH SLEEP OVER IT. THERE ARE OTHER THINGS A FELLOW CAN DO.
SAY, HOW ABOUT THAT NEW MODEL PLANE WE WERE GONNA BUILD? WE'LL REALLY HAVE SOME TIME NOW TO GO AHEAD WITH IT.
NOT A BAD IDEA, FRED! LET'S SEE, NOW...
SO THAT'S WHY BINKY WAS SO SILENT! AND I WAS SO BUSY THINKING OF MY OWN FEELINGS THAT I DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TRYING TO FIND THE REAL REASON! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT UP TO HIM...
GOSH--I GUESS NOW I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP MY PLAN TO BE A WOMAN OF MYSTERY!

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Tune In With The Times... in

THOM McAN'S

JUKE-TIMER

GRAB YOUR PARTNER, JUMP WITH JOY, MY LIGHT-FOOTED, RUGGED "LOAFER"-BOY!
JUST SEE HOW SNUG A SHOE CAN FEEL, WHEN 'SPECIALLY MADE TO HUG YOUR HEEL!
THE STORM-WELT KEEPS YOU DRY AND WARM, HELPS YOUR "JUKE-TIMERS" HOLD THEIR FORM!
ADD RICH CHOCOLATE-COLOR TO ALL THE REST, AND YOU'RE ALL DOLLED-UP IN YOUR "SUNDAE"-BEST!
I DON'T SEE 'HOW THEY MAKE 'EM FOR THE MONEY!
WITH TOE-STYLE SQUARE, THERE'S ROOM TO SPARE, AND THERE'S DOUBLE-STITCHING FOR LOTS O' WEAR!

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